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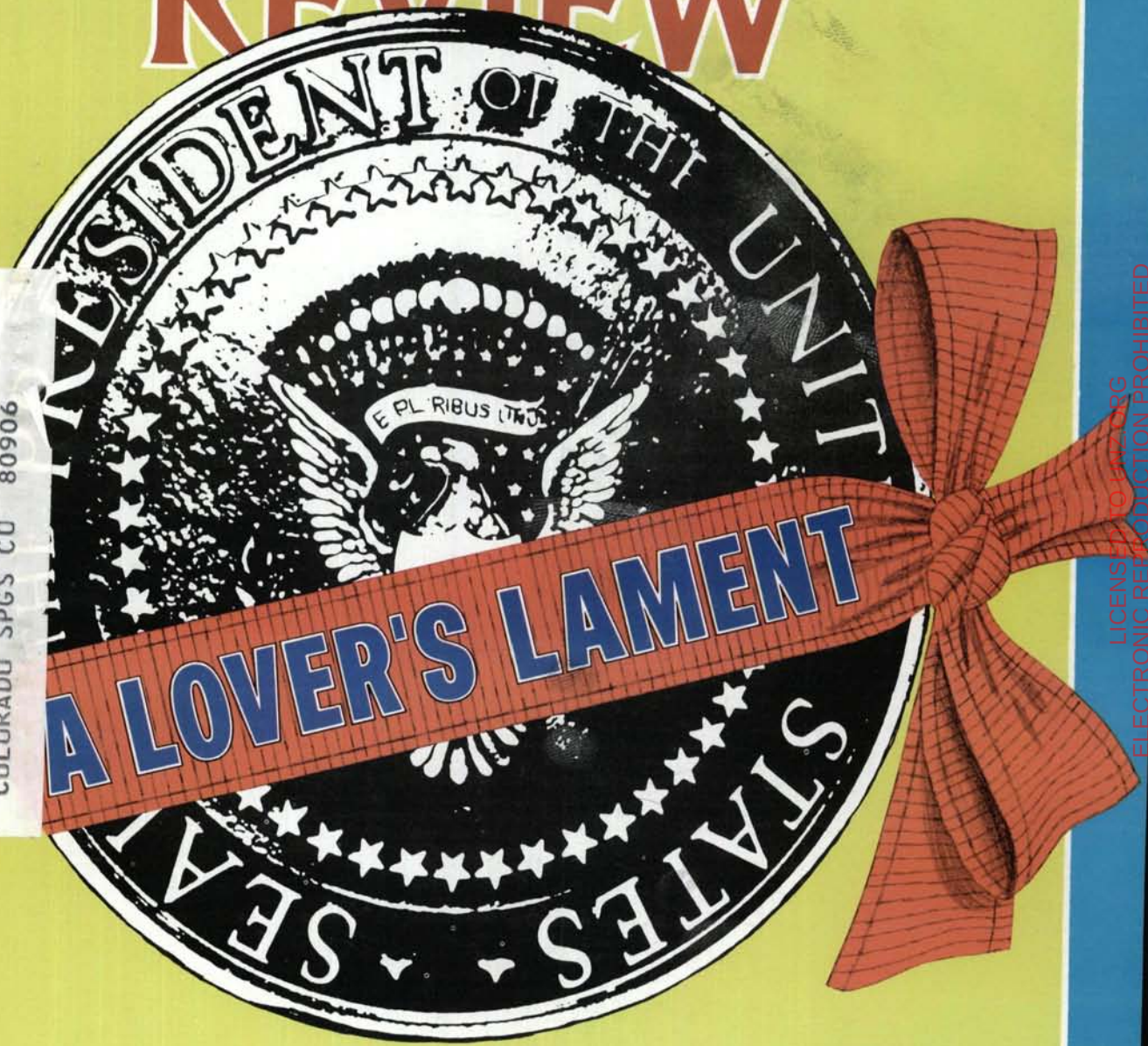
SOVIET STAKE IN THE FALKLANDS?
—see pp. 611, 614

NATIONAL REVIEW



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NATIONAL REVIEW

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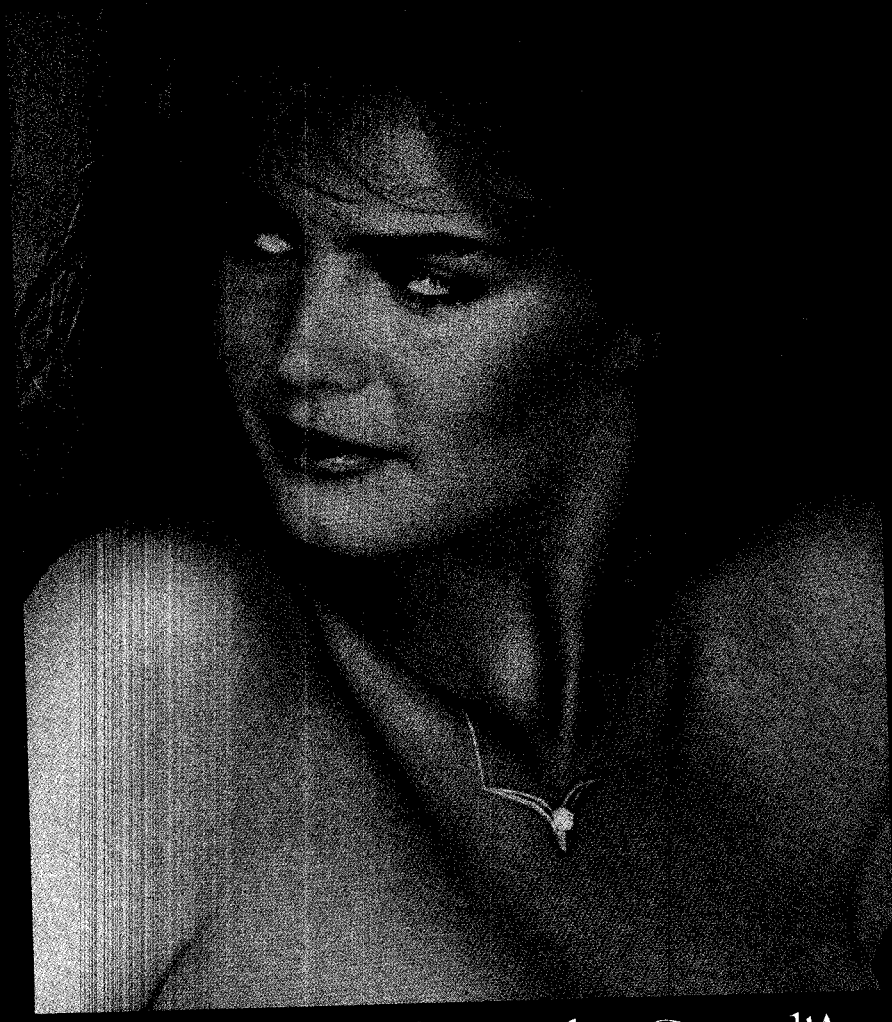

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"We're a lot smarter now, with advanced geophysics, three-dimensional seismology and other new technologies. We're learning about the unusual geology of this region, learning how to drill through some very tough rock.

"It'll take a lot of money and time and talent, and some very innovative approaches to exploration. But there's a lot of energy down there in the earth, and a lot of energy up top in the Gulf people working on the job. And if everything goes according to plan, that ought to produce a lot of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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Letters

Last Visit

Thanks to the televised version, practically every publication in America has printed something on *Brideshead Revisited* recently, but I do believe the most to-the-point commentary I have seen is Jeffrey Hart's in *NR* [May 14]. The subordination of time to the timeless, the precedence of one's membership in the community of souls over any of the accidents, however magnificent or sordid, of birth—these are indeed what the book is about.

And yet, in refuting the willfully wrong-headed assertions of Edmund Wilson and Conor Cruise O'Brien, Mr. Hart almost lets his emphasis go too far in the other direction. Within the context of this book, as within Christian theology as a whole, we don't need to give up the world entirely when we accept God's grace. That, after all, is one of the meanings of the Incarnation. In the terms of this book, there is nothing necessarily "pagan" in rejoicing over the splendor of Brideshead or the beauty of Julia, or in grieving over the deliquescence of Sebastian or the drowning of Oxford under the seas of the twentieth century. It is simply that (like old Mr. Crouchback in a later work of Waugh's, *Men at Arms*) we must keep these earthly goods in their place; if there is a conflict between their demands and those of eternity, we must refuse, as Julia puts it, "to set up a rival good to God's."

Laura Piovesani
New Britain, Conn.

Thanks

My thanks to Neil McCaffrey for pointing out the "curious lapses" in my piece on Jelly Roll Morton ["Letters," April 30]. Perhaps it was "curious" that, relying on memory, I gave the date of Morton's last recording date as 1938 rather than 1940. Mea culpa. In one of those instances in which the fingers take over from the mind, I wrote of Scott Joplin's "Memphis Blues" instead of his famous "Maple Leaf Rag." Mea maxima culpa. Well, Homer nods, Toledano nods—but we always have Neil McCaffrey to set us straight.

Ralph de Toledano
Washington, D.C.

Media Warmongering

The Ego Journalists ["Reagan and the Adversary Press," April 2] are having a field day again trying to torpedo any peaceful settlement of the Falklands crisis. On ABC's *Nightline*, Bernstein of the *Washington Post* complained bitterly that Al Haig should be disqualified as mediator because the U.S. was "tilting" too much in favor of Britain. He had uncovered information to the effect that Washington was sharing military intelligence about the Argentine buildup with London and he was incensed that the White House refused to confirm it. When the Argentine ambassador was asked on the same program to respond to these allegations he declared himself to be perfectly satisfied with Secretary Haig's impartiality. Frustrated, ABC kept pressing the unruffled diplomat ("Why don't you and Reagan and Thatcher fight?"), but to no avail; he wouldn't have his tonsils checked by the *Post*'s deep-throat specialist.

Walter H. Massion
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Madison Report

A recent issue of your magazine mentioned our new newspaper, and gave our address and my name ["For the Record," April 2]. I am grateful for the publicity, and have already received several communications from people who saw it. Unfortunately, there were two errors in the information as printed. First, you gave my name as Robert Brooks, rather than Roger Brooks. This is really a minor problem; Robert is quite as good a name as Roger, and I can adapt. However, you also listed our Zip Code incorrectly, and the Post Office is not quite so flexible. If this wrong Zip Code is widely read and repeated, most of our mail could end up in Kalamazoo. The correct code is 08540. The complete address of *The Madison Report* is: P.O. Box 1347, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

Roger G. Brooks
Editor, The Madison Report
Princeton, N.J.

Evolution and Creationism

Re: Richard de Mille's "And God Created Evolution" [March 19]: What may be called the central policy of science is the requirement that all hypotheses and theories be so constituted that they can be subjected to empirical test. A good scientific theory makes it possible to deduce logical consequences of the theory, predictions which are very demanding and restrictive concerning what is possible and what is not possible in the natural world. These predictions are then the basis for new experiments or observations which either confirm or contradict the predictions. If the predictions are confirmed, some support for the theory has been gained. If the predictions are contradicted, the theory or hypothesis is falsified: i.e., proved to be false. It needs to be modi-

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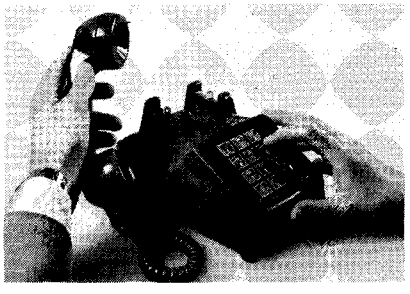

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fied or replaced by another hypothesis. This is the way science progresses and is continually corrected.

Another fact about science to be noted in our definition is that it makes no reference whatsoever to the philosophical or religious commitment of the scientist.

So what is the great original sin of the evolutionary Establishment? It is the utterly heinous act of injecting their philosophy of materialism into the definition of science. Once this was done and widely accepted, science was distorted. It became unprofessional for a scientist to entertain any concept of teleology in the natural world. In the *Origin of Species,* Darwin often used theological arguments against special creation and against any possibility of divine intervention into the natural order. And virtually the entire scientific and intellectual apparatus was soon conquered by a definition of science which had been bent out of shape and directed against God by the monkey wrench of materialistic philosophy.

A principal result of the universal acceptance of the jimmied definition of science was first the silencing of scientists who believed in creation, then the gradual expulsion and finally the virtual exclusion of creationists from the ranks of scientists.

So now evolution, the materialistic explanation of origins, is almost universally held to be the "scientific" explanation of origins. But is evolution really a bona-fide scientific theory founded on scientific facts? Is creation in contrast just a religious idea held by blind faith? If evolution is to qualify as science it must be testable, falsifiable. Is it? It is not! There is, in fact, no experimental test which can prove that either evolution or creation is false. This is because both postulate events and processes in the past which were not observed by man and which cannot be reproduced in the laboratory or field. And the evidence for both is circumstantial, subject to differing interpretations, depending upon the assumptions of the interpreters.

From the preceding there follow logically three propositions which, in my opinion, properly characterize the evolution-creation controversy.

I. Evolution and creation are equally non-scientific, being non-falsifiable models of the past.

II. Evolution and creation are equally religious, being logical corollaries of two faiths, materialism and biblical theism, respectively.

III. The two groups of believers, from the common pool of scientific data, adduce circumstantial evidence in support of the two models of origins.

We can conclude from all this that it is not necessary for either evolutionists or creationists to compromise their convictions in order to arrive at an equitable solution to the legal-constitutional problems raised by the current evolution-creation

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THE BOOK THEY'D LIKE TO SPIKE

"The West and developing countries are filled with citizens who by reason of their positions are able to promote Soviet influence and expansionist goals."—Andrei Sakharov, Nobel laureate.

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(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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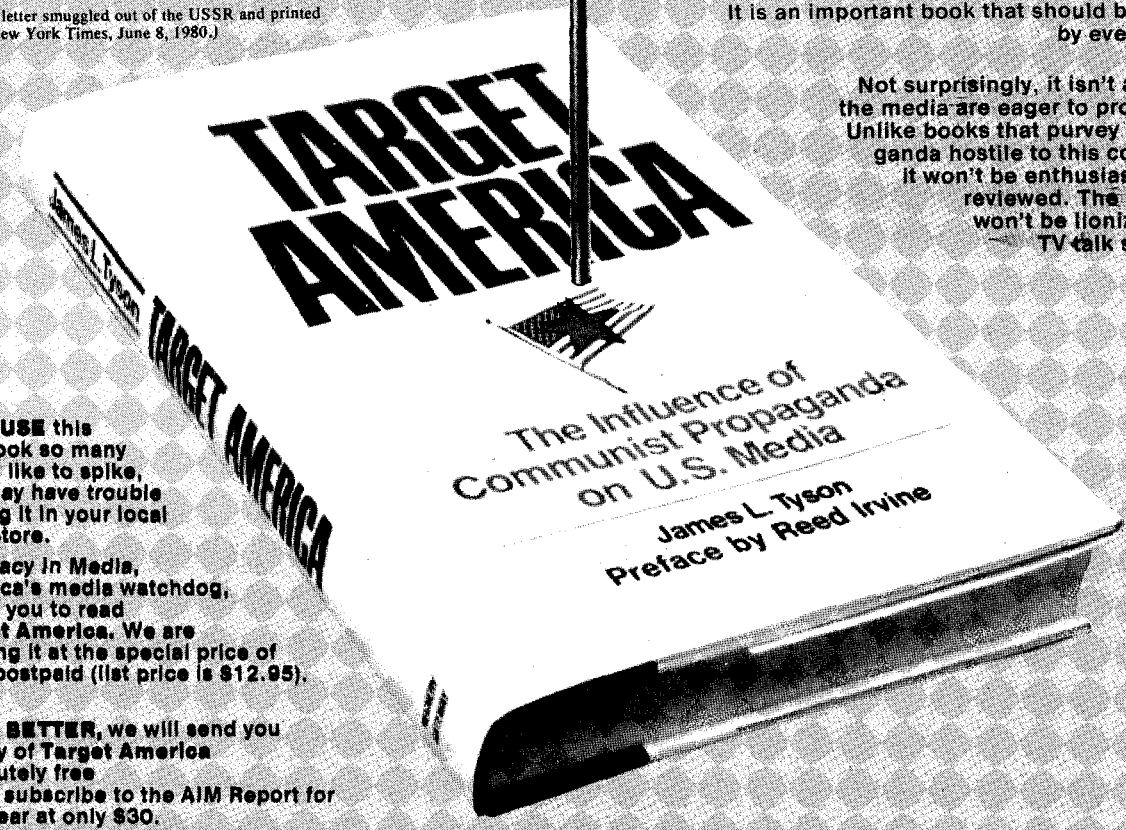

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- Who was behind the media war on the CIA?
- What journalist admitted that he and others had been "intermediaries for a lying and criminal propaganda—ingenuous spokesmen for tyranny in the name of liberty?"
- What powerful American newspaper launched its own campaign against the neutron bomb only a few weeks before the Soviets began their worldwide campaign against this weapon?
- How extensive is the far left lobby and who makes it up?

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controversy. There must first of all be agreement that the definition of science does not restrict the religious or philosophical commitment of the scientist. Or, if the materialistic scientists cannot repent of their original sin, they must at least agree to stop forcing their definition of science on others who reject it. If this agreement is accomplished and properly implemented, the result will be an opening up of the scientific enterprise and science education to the critical evaluation of and competition between explanations, models, and theories based upon the two competing paradigms or conceptual frameworks, i.e., spontaneous, materialistic process and intelligent, purposeful design. It will also bring an end to the persecution of scientists, teachers, and students who choose to place their faith in an intelligent Creator rather than in dumb atoms. These results will be good for science, for education, and for people.

Robert Kofahl
San Diego, Calif.

Radioactive Apple?

In his "Anti-Nuke Capers" column [March 19], John P. Roche's "A Word Edgewise" has the facts edgewise as well. First and surely least of the string of errors he commits is naming this writer as "one Donald Morrison." Had he actually read my *Times* Op-Ed piece on a one-megaton attack on New York City he would have noted not only that my name is *David* Morrison but that what he condemns as "the intellectual version of the horror movies that seem to be titillating teenagers" was in fact drawn wholly from data contained in *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons*, a joint publication of the Department of Defense and the Energy Research and Development Administration.

Far from being a member of "some basically anonymous organization," I identified myself simply as a journalist; not something the wildly inaccurate Mr. Roche is likely to be confused for. He accuses the authors of the Op-Ed piece on a nuclear-waste truck crashing at 57th Street and Broadway of a similar anonymity when, in fact, Marvin Resnikoff and Claire Krich Hooton are employees of the highly visible, highly respected Council on Economic Priorities. Mr. Roche goes on to comment that the waste route described by Resnikoff and Hooton would be traveled "only [by] a driver paid by the authors." In fact, this route would have been taken by drivers paid by Lilco, operators of the Shoreham nuclear reactor, with the endorsement of the Department of Transportation. If the plan was to use circumferential highways, as suggested by Mr. Roche, what does he think all the furor was about? Well, no matter. On February 19 a federal judge overturned the DoT ruling that would have allowed such trucks to haul radioactive waste through city streets.

As for Mr. Roche's remarks on the Center for Defense Information's Freedom of Information Act revelations about nuclear-weapons dumps, the *Times* did not run the story on page one—where it probably belonged—but rather on page A14. And does he seriously believe the Soviets don't already know where these dumps are? The only parties heretofore left in the dark were the American citizens in whose backyards these weapons are being stockpiled.

Granted, these are indeed minor departures from the truth, especially for a polemicist such as Mr. Roche. But, as the nuclear debate continues to heat up, it seems to me that the first responsibility of writers on all sides of the issue is to hew rigorously to the facts. The question is far too important for the kind of sloppy research revealed in Mr. Roche's column. Or does Mr. Roche suppose that, being Right, he doesn't have to be right?

David C. "Donald" Morrison
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Roche's Reply

1. I apologize for giving Mr. Morrison the wrong first name.

2. I did not question the horrors he envisioned, but why he so dedicates himself. Since no American missile is targeted on Broadway and 42nd, are we to infer from his apocalyptic vision that the 82nd Airborne should be dropped on the Soviet SS-18 (or 19) that has Times Square on its agenda?

3. To identify oneself as a "journalist" is a form of anonymity. Maybe the Council on Economic Priorities is highly visible to Mr. Morrison, but in Boston, where such determinations are made, it is not nearly as visible as Ken Galbraith.

4. It is my understanding that the 57th Street route for nuclear waste was a worst-case scenario, not a live possibility. Even Lilco, of which I am prepared to believe almost anything bad, is not *that* stupid. Of course, the DoT rule permitting shipment of such wastes through heavily populated areas was wonky and richly deserved its fate.

5. The *Times* I got at dawn in Boston ran the Center for Defense Information's release on page one. Since the Rapid Deployment Force had as its first mission finding a good map of Iran—it began with road maps—I can believe in the fallibility of the KGB.

John P. Roche
Medford, Mass.

"Katz and Osdoby have done a masterful job of laying out the consequences of nuclear war in their profoundly sobering essay. Conservatives and liberals alike should join them in thinking about the unthinkable."
—James J. Kilpatrick, *syndicated columnist*

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In this important, timely study from the Cato Institute's Policy Analysis series, Arthur Katz and Sima Osdoby provide a withering attack on the Pentagon's attempt to legitimize the concept of "limited" nuclear war. Katz, author of *Life After Nuclear War,* and Osdoby make a persuasive case that "the true damage of nuclear war to society has been greatly understated."

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Now that the bi-partisan budget negotiations have broken down, everyone on the Hill is getting into the act, coming up with other proposed budget packages. In the House, Minority Leader **Bob Michel**, credited with much of the adroit footwork that won **Reagan** his big victories last year, has blasted the **Domenici** Senate Budget Committee compromise. No way, says Michel: "You've got to take it [proposed Social Security cuts] off the table before you even start. You've got to give the guys who are running every two years some running room." The compromise Michel is working on would leave Social Security out of it, be more on the supply side, and contain fewer tax hikes. . . . **Evans & Novak** report that in the final discussions that preceded the Domenici-Reagan pact, in which Reagan agreed to a tax-hike package, Treasury Secretary **Don Regan** and other supply-siders were frozen out by **James Baker** and **David Stockman**. . . . Meanwhile, **Phil Gramm** (D., Tex.)—an easy winner in Texas primary in which Democratic regulars tried to purge him—is working on his version of a budget. Gramm, a leader of the conservative Democratic Boll Weevils, has discussed the situation with Reagan. . . . The polls continue to show the people want spending cut, not taxes raised. **Gallup**: 4 per cent, raise taxes; 47 per cent, cut spending. **Chamber of Commerce** (in a poll of union members): 3 per cent, raise taxes; 50 per cent, cut spending. . . . Yet another poll (Gallup, commissioned by Chamber of Commerce) shows 48 per cent in favor of trimming cost-of-living increase for Social Security recipients, 24 per cent opposed. . . . Bad news for the President: In annual *U.S. News* survey of opinion-molders, only 38 per cent thought the President was doing good to excellent job this year, as against 67 per cent a year ago. . . . **Merit Report** poll of people who think media reporting of Reagan Administration is biased shows that 33 per cent think it is "too negative," only 17 per cent "too positive."

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"No wonder it wasn't built in a day!"

■ Presidential counselor **Edwin Meese** admits to being a flat-tax-rater. Says he: "The progressive income tax is immoral." While the White House won't press for anything as drastic as a flat-rate tax, Meese says "it will resist all efforts in Congress to make the income tax more progressive." . . . Reagan's recent initiatives on the social issues (school prayer, busing, tuition tax credits) have pleased **Cal Thomas**, communications director of Moral Majority. "We think the President has done exactly what he always promised to do." . . . **Pat Buchanan** has taken on Republicans who think the party should go all out to woo black voters. Buchanan points out that in last five elections the GOP has gotten 10 per cent of black vote. In 1976, he says, "**Carter** got 90 per cent of it and captured the Presidency; in 1980 he got 90 per cent of it and was run out of town." . . . National Taxpayers Union has published its ratings of the big spenders in Congress. The worst were **Alan Cranston** (D., Calif.) in Senate, **Henry Gonzalez** (D., Tex.) in House. The best, **William Proxmire** (D., Wis.) in Senate, **Ron Paul** (R., Tex.) in House. . . . *Sic transit*: Jimmy Carter's endorsement of **Walter Mondale** as his choice in the 1984 elections got a two-inch box on page 13 of second section (Metropolitan News) of May 10 *N.Y. Times*.

■ The global scene: British conservatives immensely cheered by recent local elections in which **Margaret Thatcher**'s Tories took 40 per cent of the vote to 32 for Labor. Significance: it was first time in several decades that party in power has won off-year elections. . . . Canada was rocked when New Democratic Party, the first socialist party in Canada to take power in a province, was run out of office. **Allan Blakeney**'s NDP emerged from election with only seven seats in the 64-seat Saskatchewan legislature. Progressive Tory **Grant Devine**'s party won the other 57. . . . Trend in Caribbean toward more moderate governments, touched off by **Edward Seaga**'s win in Jamaica in 1980, continued in St. Lucia election last week when pro-Western former Prime Minister **John Compton**'s United Workers' Party won 14 of 17 seats in House of Assembly. . . . Recent French polls show a majority disapprove of **François Mitterrand**'s sweeping economic, administrative, and social reforms, but still prefer him to **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing**.

■ The comrades have finally figured out why those Salvadoran elections were unrepresentative. Says the *Daily World*: "47 per cent of the Salvadoran population is under 15 years of age and therefore presumably could not vote."

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THE WEEK

■ The Soviet rulers understand the power of symbolism, and the word. That is why particularly egregious offenders against their system, once they have been denounced sufficiently to put them away, tend not to remain in the public eye as devil-images; instead, they become unpersons, their names never mentioned, their pictures never shown. This has been the fate of Anatoly Scharansky. Indeed, so thorough has his unpersoning been that Bronx Borough President Stanley Simon apparently feared the Soviet Mission to the United Nations was in danger of forgetting him altogether. Fortunately, the classy residence of the delegates from the classless society is within the boundaries of Mr. Simon's borough, so he was able to do something to forestall this amnesia: he renamed the portion of West 255th Street on which the Mission's compound is located One Scharansky Square and, with Soviet Jewish émigrés and others interested in the cause of freedom looking on, climbed up and personally installed the new street sign. Oleg Troyanovsky, head of the Soviet delegation, was not amused. But he may have been edified.

■ Unemployment is awesomely high. How to cut the figure in half? 1) Four per cent of the population now seeking jobs could cease to seek them, which would have the effect of reducing the working percentage of the population to the level of 1960. 2) Employees in underutilized industries (e.g., automobiles, steel) could accept wage and salary reductions of 20 per cent. 3) Corporate earnings not distributed as dividends but reinvested in modernization could be made tax-exempt. 4) The minimum-wage law could be repealed. 5) The first 12 months of work by any previously unemployed person could be made immune from Social Security tax. Or, alternatively, 6) reflate the economy, and tax everyone the 10 to 30 per cent resulting yearly inflation.

■ In bygone days, people would spend their idle hours writing poems that avoided using some vital letter, like *e*. These poems had a strained, unreal quality that was immediately explained when one realized what the authors were trying to avoid saying. Now the clever *New Republic* has published a similar exercise in omission: a 1,060-word editorial on the Reagan economic policy that manages to avoid using the word "inflation." "Flop . . . ludicrous . . . raw transfer of money from the bottom to the top," it rambles on. Which raises the question: If ending inflation constitutes a raw transfer of money from the bottom to the top, does that mean inflation was really a raw transfer of money from the top to the bottom? So that we should resume inflation in order to help the poor?

■ Attorney General William French Smith has formally notified Congress that the Administration will support bills to limit federal court jurisdiction in the area of busing. At the same time, he warned that the Administration will respect the courts' jurisdiction over "those cases which are central to the core functions of the Court in our system of government," lest the Supreme Court cease to be "an independent and equal branch in our system of separation of powers." But how "independent" can the Court be and still be "equal" (waiving the question whether it *should* be equal)? Can it mandate fundamental changes in our way of life without inhibition by the people or their elected representatives, short of constitutional amendment? Smith pointedly specified school prayer as an area in which the Supreme Court must be allowed to do its own thing—on the very day the President proposed the amendment remedy. (See the editorial "Oremus," below.)

■ Ninety organizations have taken part in planning the major nuclear-freeze demonstration scheduled in New York City on June 12, the opening day of the special UN conference on disarmament. Everyone's getting into the act. You name 'em: Bella and Ramsey,

"We decided to stick it out for the sake of our IRAs. We don't want them to drift apart."

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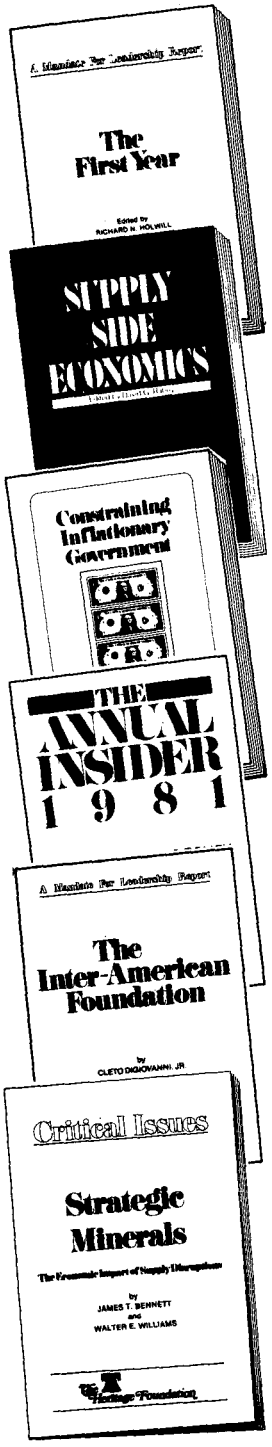

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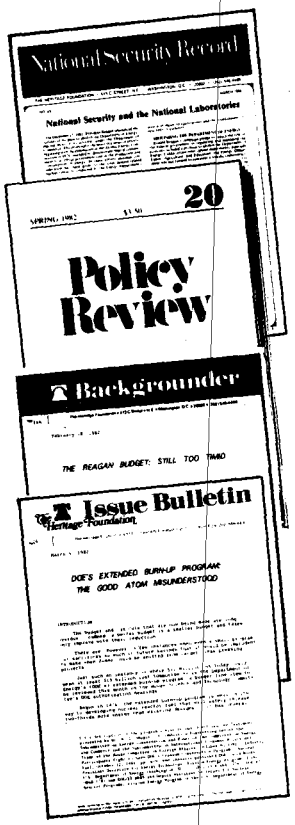

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the better-kept secrets in this secretive city is that the Democrats in the House of Representatives are as badly split on the budget as the Republicans, or worse. Two factions dominate the Democratic infighting: the left-wing, Tip O'Neill crazies who take a do-nothing stand, refusing to develop a budget of their own or indeed to take any action to relieve the impasse. Their strategy is to keep the ball in the President's court, and obstruct: sit back, view the Reagan deficits with apocalyptic alarm, force the Republicans to produce more and deeper spending cuts until they encroach on Social Security benefits (or appear to), and then yell and scream about Ronald Reagan's insensitivity to the needy and aged. In a word, convert the 1982 elections into a referendum on Social Security.

The opposing faction is made up of responsible, mainstream Democratic moderates like James R. (Jimmy) Jones, a five-term congressman, Oklahoma lawyer, and former appointments secretary to Lyndon Johnson. For the most part, they resist the demagoguery, believing that the good of the country dictates that a compromise budget be worked out. The moderates have numbers on their side, but, because of O'Neill, the left-wingers have clout on theirs.

The antipathy of O'Neill toward Jones appears to know few bounds, and is rapidly becoming legendary. The aversion is almost all one-way: Jones continues to show the detached manner of a scholar, submerging most of his irritation, although insiders say that the strain is beginning to show. Last year, Jones, as chairman of the Budget Committee, produced a budget that left O'Neill fuming. He thought it was more a pale copy of Ronald Reagan's budget than a Democratic alternative to it. Now Tip appears not to trust Jones at all, regarding him as incapable of putting together a budget that meets the demands of kamikaze liberals like himself.

O'Neill seldom passes up an opportunity to take a swat at Jones. When the budget negotiating team, the "Gang of 17," was assembled, one would have thought that the chairman of the Budget Committee would be on it. Instead, Tip installed Richard Bolling, chairman of the (get this) Rules Committee, uninhibited by the fact that the Rules Committee has absolutely no connection with the budget process. You will recall, too, that it was that same Dick Bolling who "answered" (rather ably, at that—from a communications standpoint) Ronald Reagan's last TV speech on the budget, not Jimmy Jones.

O'Neill's latest turn of the screw occurred when President Reagan visited the Capitol to engage in three hours of abortive negotiations on a compromise budget. O'Neill, Bolling, and Jim Wright were assembled for the session, when O'Neill asked that he be allowed to bring in one more participant. Everyone thought that the person Tip had in mind was Jimmy Jones. Instead, O'Neill summoned a young Democratic staffer, S. Ariel (Ari) Weiss.

Those who know Ari Weiss describe him as a febrile liberal, so ideologically transfixed that he routinely refuses to speak to Republicans or, for that matter, conservative Democrats. More than anyone else, it is said, Weiss is the keeper of O'Neill's liberal flame. If the purity of that flame sputters or flickers, Ari turns up the gas: it is this that has produced most of those close-to-the-bone, Shanty Irish pieces of invective that Tip occasionally drops on lovable types like the Gipper. As Executive Director of the Democratic Steering and Policy Committee, young Weiss holds very substantial power, that committee being chaired by Thomas P. O'Neill. No budget compromise will ever be approved, O'Neill pronounced some time back, unless approved first by this committee.

But the tale does not end here. Besides sticking it to moderate Democrats and Republicans, O'Neill and his protégé, Weiss, may also be sticking it to themselves. Jimmy Jones is highly respected, particularly for his intellectual honesty. Mainstream Democrats know that Jones could produce a credible budget on his own, one that would probably defeat Ronald Reagan's, and one quite different from the one he outlined on May 10, drawn up while he kept an eye on Tip over his shoulder. But Tip (Weiss) would kill any such fledgling long before it could reach the House floor.

The O'Neill treatment of Jones may boomerang. Observing how petulantly and ruthlessly Jones is shunted aside by O'Neill, the Boll Weevils may conclude that the odds are too great against Jones's being able to produce a budget that would be acceptable and survive. So they may be forced to jump again to the Reagan (compromise) budget. The chances of this happening would be greatly helped if the White House called the Democrats' bluff by insisting that O'Neill and Weiss produce their own budget. In a word, avoid the phony Social Security rap this fall at all costs, and get Tip to show just how monstrous a liberal Democratic budget—if it were put up—would be.

—CATO

Bill [Coffin] and Paul [Moore], Coretta and César, Ben [Chavez] and Harry [Belafonte]. But the road to peace is as ever rocky. Somewhere along the way the "moderates" (SANE, American Friends Committee, Laity Concerned, War Resisters' League) realized they were being taken for a wild and revolutionary ride by black, Third World, and Communist groups whose only enemy in the world is Amerika. The moderates threatened a walkout on the very sensible grounds that the crazies would scare off the well-meaning but muddled supporters of the nuclear-freeze movement. For the moment a compromise has been reached: the Third Worlders will be permitted to carry their banners in the demonstration but the official goals of the protestors will be limited to the no-nukes and peace issues.

■ Why didn't Bill Moyers (see p. 641) get the Reagan Administration's side of things for his documentary "People Like Us"? Columnist John Lofton asked Moyers, who said it wasn't a traditional documentary in which you show both sides: "It's like you cover a shooting, you know, here are three victims. You don't go get the murderer and say, 'Tell me, what was your motive?' " Ah, so.

■ The prospect in the Falkland Islands conflict at the moment of writing is for an immediate heightening of

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James A. Baker III

He may not be a conscious mole,
But mole he is and takes his toll,
Adulterating what his boss
Tries every day to get across.
Another year and we'll be like
The folks who pinned their hopes on Ike.

W. H. VON DREELE

hostilities, with British forces apparently drawing into position (at last, some would add) to force landings on the islands themselves. There are hints also of an incipient easing on the negotiating front, with Argentina's spokesmen apparently modifying previous absolute demands for an acknowledgment of Argentine sovereignty over the islands and Britain's representatives showing a corresponding shift from temper to temporizing. The two sets of indicators are compatible. In Hegel's aphorism, resolution occurs at the point of highest contradiction. The signs of wars' getting worse and getting over with are frequently contemporaneous. War represents a breakdown of peace. Equally, peace follows from a breakdown of war. Hostilities occur when the perceived consequences of not fighting are unacceptable to the authorities in both camps. Hostilities dwindle away when the costs of persevering come, reciprocally, to seem no longer worth the effort.

■ Ground Zero Week lasted a little less than two minutes in the Soviet Union, when seven Western Europeans unfurled a banner in Moscow's Red Square lettered BREAD, LIFE, AND DISARMAMENT. Before the protestors—two Spaniards, two Frenchmen, two Italians, and a Belgian—could so much as distribute a leaflet, they were accosted by KGB agents. They surrendered nonviolently; were whisked away in police cars; interrogated; released that day; and deported the next day to the West, with six days left to celebrate publicly the virtues of a nonviolent nuclear posture.

■ As riots broke out in a dozen Polish cities and police fought the mobs with tear gas and clubs, the Polish Catholic hierarchy called for restraint and for negotiations between Solidarity and the resident dictator. "We beg the Holy Mother," said Archbishop Jozef Glemp, "that our youth will not go in the streets with stones, that nobody will throw stones or other objects at anyone." One may assume that the Archbishop concerted this conciliatory policy with the Polish Pope in Rome. No doubt a gradual evolution away from Communism in Poland would be pleasanter for all concerned, with the possible exception of local quislings. It has been argued that the more sinuous Cardinal Wyszynski succeeded in Poland, whereas the more intransigent Mindszenty failed in Hungary—although, as of 1982, the truth of those propositions is not altogether self-evident. History, in any event, is unlikely to prove either neat or manageable, and if the foundations of the Soviet empire in Poland really are collapsing, a few stones will not much matter one way or the other.

■ As we go to press, the Reverend Billy Graham has arrived in Moscow, where he has delivered himself of a sermon on the perils of nuclear war, not omitting his customary call for commitment to Christ. But every reporter present has been struck by his careful avoidance of any mention of Soviet repression of religion. Rather, his talk stressed the duties of submission to civil authority, and he ignored the presence of Christian dissidents in his audience—many of whom had traveled, at personal risk, great distances to see him. We plan to comment further next issue on the meaning of the Reverend Mr. Graham's pilgrimage.

■ "I used to think," says Michael Novak, *NR*'s Religion Editor, "that socialism was a good idea, but nobody has made it work. I moved to the realization that the idea itself is wrong." In the 433 pages of his new book, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* (Simon & Schuster), Novak explicates this insight. He argues that political democracy is bound up with a market economy and that both systems are best nourished by a pluralistic culture. In his recent writings, culminating in this book, Novak has been in the forefront of a major intellectual enterprise, the effort to educate the Christian churches and their spokesmen in what could be called economic and social realism. "Any serious Christian must be a socialist," said theologian Paul Tillich. Novak now reverses that: No serious Christian can be a socialist.

■ Washington is a two-newspaper town again. The first edition of the *Washington Times* hits the stands Monday, May 17, as a conservative alternative to the "Institution," the *Post*. From all signs, the *Times* is a serious venture. The paper has purchased a large tract of land and a former printing plant and is busy installing state-of-the-art equipment for press runs that will rival the *Post*'s. It has recruited former *Washington Star* figures Smith Hempstone (as executive editor) and Anne Crutcher (as editorial page editor), as well as a pair of Pulitzer Prize-winning reporters and a number of former members of the Reagan Administration. The editor, James Whelan, is the former president of the *Sacramento Union*. Early sample editions have been snappily written and neatly produced. The rub: the paper is being bankrolled by a group of Korean and American businessmen closely associated with the Unification Church of Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Church associations have proven less than fatal for any number of now-respected publications

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—there is hardly a handful that do not owe their origins to this or that religious or political faction—but the ties with Moon's wacky church may present some special barriers to the *Times*. Meanwhile the editor, Whelan—whose contract explicitly guarantees him and Hempstone complete independence from the church—says the product must speak for itself. This, perhaps, should be the benchmark for skeptical conservatives. It would be a pity for the capital to remain a one-newspaper town simply because the alternative's backing comes from Moon. If the publication is traduced by its owners, this will in due course become obvious. Meanwhile, may the New Kid fare well.

■ Speaking of Moyers, one CBS wag thinks "People Like Us" should have been called "Harvest of Sham."

■ NEVER MISS A TRICK DEP'T. Police in a Midwestern state who found a man's body bound and beaten to death say they are treating it as a homicide.

Reaganormality

In this issue Hadley Arkes reminds us that politics goes on at two levels: the day-to-day level of budget battles, headlines, economic indicators; and the deeper level of social norms.

The contest between liberals and conservatives is only superficially a debate over which side has the superior managerial skills. At bottom it is a debate over what kind of society really works. Liberalism has set itself against traditional society, organized by the energies of private life. Conservatism insists that liberalism must fail, because it doesn't grasp the norms behind the central dynamisms of society: worship, work, family. Conservatives hold that the free market, for example, is not so much an abstract ideal as a description of the way things really work. Tamper with it too much, and you run athwart human nature.

Ronald Reagan won in 1980 because liberalism had been exposed as normless—morally and practically. Its social spending had long since forgotten the limit at which aid to exceptional cases disrupts the normal flow of material transactions. It had pressed its pet civil liberties to an extreme at which they harmed normal liberties (like walking down the street unmugged). Civil rights had become quotas; tolerance had become gay rights; and so forth. Liberals could tell you anything except what kind of society they would be conservatives in. (Sweden, maybe?)

Reagan's election expressed a popular yearning not for "right-wing purity" (whatever that is supposed to mean), but for a return to a healthy center, in which the primacy of certain values—home, religion, personal freedom—was respected.

The first phase of the liberal counterattack equated Reaganism with extremism: nuclear war, race war, mass starvation, etc. That flopped. So now it has narrowed the question to Reagan's managerial competence, focusing on his economic policies.

Fair enough. But Reagan's deeper strength, as Mr. Arkes suggests, is his harmony with the enduring norms of the West, which are now uncomprehendingly nicknamed "social issues." These are the themes he should stress, as he is quietly doing. The liberals can't match him in the broader affirmation of the things Western man loves. It is, after all, a conservative affirmation.

Eureka!

President Reagan led up to his headline-making arms proposals by reminding his college audience and us of some solemn truths. "The Soviet Union is a huge empire ruled by an elite that holds all power and all privilege. They hold it tightly because—as we have seen in Poland—they fear what might happen if even the smallest amount of control slips from their grasp. . . . But in the midst of social and economic problems, the Soviet dictatorship has forged the largest armed force in the world. It has done so by pre-empting the human needs of its people, and, in the end, this course will undermine the foundations of the Soviet system. . . . East-West trade was expanded in the hope of providing incentives for Soviet restraint, but the Soviets exploited the benefits of trade without moderating their behavior." The President reviewed the whole sorry tale: Afghanistan, Angola, Poland, Central America, etc. All true, all too true. And then against this somber backdrop, he made his reduction proposal.

He asked that both powers reduce their ICBMs to "equal ceilings at least a third below current levels" and that no more than half of the warheads be land-based.

Senator Kennedy immediately denounced Reagan for not espousing a freeze, but the Eureka speech was probably good politics. Reagan, a European tour imminent, has now made some proposals. The Europeans will be pleased, and he has probably taken some of the wind out of the anti-nuclear sails here at home.

Will anything of substance come of it? Probably not. The Soviets depend upon land-based missiles to a much greater degree than the United States and are unlikely to look with much enthusiasm on the ICBM cuts Reagan has proposed, though adjustments could be made in any negotiation. More importantly, the Soviet thrust in recent years has not been toward parity but toward superiority—and no current evidence suggests a major re-direction of Soviet policy.

Such a re-direction, obviously, is the *sine qua non* for any genuine reduction in nuclear weapons—and, indeed, a genuine reduction in Soviet firepower would represent a historical first. Until such a policy shift

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comes to pass, it costs no American President anything at all to come out for a mutual reduction of ____ missiles (fill in your own figure).

Reagan's speech was a good one, accurate in its depiction of our circumstances, and notably well written. But there was a conceptual gap between the opening descriptions of the Soviet reality and the reasonable and negotiable proposals later put forward. If the Soviets really did wish to bring about a reduction, then certainly a reduction could be negotiated. But behavior of that kind does not fit the description of the USSR—accurate enough—which Reagan put forward at the beginning.

The 1983 Budget And Social Security

Washington observers were not surprised at the collapse of the budget negotiations between Congress and the White House. Like Thatcher and Galtieri, President Reagan and House Speaker O'Neill were disputing a question of basic sovereignty—in this case sovereignty over Congress, a domain that like the Falklands is barren, windy, and mostly inhabited by sheep. Reagan refused to roll back the tax cuts passed last year and O'Neill refused to make any deal that did not roll them back. O'Neill wanted to increase domestic spending by cutting defense, which had nothing to do with the supposed purpose of the talks, reducing the deficit.

Moreover, both Reagan and O'Neill declared that they would not propose the cuts in Social Security that almost have to be the linchpin of any major effort to cut the deficit. As even *The New Republic* admits (May 19), "the Democrats know that something must eventually be done about the automatic growth of middle-class entitlement programs," like Social Security. But they are so eager to demagogue the issue that real reform seems remote. (It is now probably too late to reprogram the Social Security computers in time to affect this July's cost-of-living boost, so reform would likely have to wait until July 1983 anyway.)

Through History with Weapons

At Crécy, longbows beat the French,
  Though horse and rider weighed a ton.
At Sedan, too, the French recoiled
  From Alfred Krupp's steel-barreled gun.
In World War I, machine guns ruled;
  The tank was king in World War II.
HMS Sheffield showed us what
  One missile from one plane can do.

W. H. VON DREELE

Only last year, when the Democrats floated reform proposals and the President tried to respond in kind, they greeted his counter-proposal with a burst of cynical mock-indignation and proceeded to send out Democratic Party fund-raising letters disguised as official notices of Social Security cuts. The President is understandably reluctant to be mousetrapped that way again. Compounding the problem is his pledge not to touch existing benefits, thus guaranteeing retirees bigger raises than ordinary workers are nowadays getting. If these benefits remain untouchable, any reform will fall especially hard on a few categories of recipients, such as early retirees.

Despite the breakdown of the talks, unfortunately, Congress may still pass a package of "miscellaneous tax increases." The likelihood, with or without such new taxes, is for a continued high deficit, with no cuts in entitlement programs (at least until the lame-duck session of Congress after the election), with no major rollback of last year's tax cuts, and with continued high spending (possibly subject to Reagan vetoes). But Congress will probably be unwilling to vote for a budget resolution containing such a deficit. So it may adopt no resolution at all, thus administering another blow to the "congressional budget process," which is currently expiring in the most protracted death scene since Desdemona's.

The Ancien Regime Revisited

Cottage industries—small manufacturing, farmed out on a piece-work basis by an entrepreneur to scattered laborers—were supposed to have stopped with the Industrial Revolution, but *Conservative Digest* has devoted an entire issue to a booming cottage industry: liberal grantsmanship in Washington.

The bucks flow out through a hundred leaks. Sometimes the money passes through innocuous-sounding organizations, basically laundering operations. From 1979 to 1981, VISTA gave nearly $800,000 to a thing called The Youth Project, which passed it along to Indian movements, pro-abortion groups, the Clamshell Alliance, and the Nevada Uranium Project (anti-MX). Sometimes the money is delivered directly. Since Reagan's inauguration, the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund has gotten nearly $300,000 from the Department of Education; Jesse Jackson's PUSH-EXCEL abstracted $656,000 from the same source; the National Urban League got $240,000 from, of all places, the Environmental Protection Agency. Planned Parenthood, the American Friends Service Committee, Feminist Press—all were in at the trough.

The Administration has stanched the flow somewhat. VISTA and ACTION have been cleaned up, and the CETA jobs program, a make-work operation that was a notorious offender, has been eliminated. The Reagan Administration has also closed the spigot on

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"intervenor funding"—the process whereby soi-disant consumer and environmental protection groups were paid to testify at regulatory hearings.

There is a great irony here. Much of the rhetoric of the Left exalts spontaneity. Whether they refer to the organic processes of history or the promptings of the inner light, liberal tropes depict a world of desirable things "happening," welling up. People "grow," times "change," "convictions" come into conflict with rigid and institutionalized restraints. So it should be embarrassing to see it laid out, quite so explicitly, from where the Left gets much of its day-to-day wherewithal—wheelers and dealers well connected with lower-level bureaucrats. Old Boy Network, anyone?

Sputnik II?

Early in March, Defense Department officials gave Congress the unsettling news that the Soviets could have the capability to deploy a high-energy laser weapon station in space as early as 1983. Such a device, the officials said, has the potential to destroy virtually any U.S. spacecraft. A few weeks later there came more unsettling news. A report by the General Accounting Office stated that if the U.S. laser program proceeds at its current pace, the U.S. won't be able to deploy a laser weapon system in space before the year 2000. Then, at the end of April, came the most unsettling news of all. The Chief of Air Force Research and Development, General Kelly Burke, blandly assured everyone that there was nothing to worry about.

General Burke conceded that the Soviets could launch an anti-satellite weapon within the next five years, but he said an "effective" Soviet weapon probably couldn't be launched until the late 1980s. The initial Soviet space lasers, according to the General, would be "ineffective" except as a political and propaganda weapon. Lest anyone get the impression that the General opposes the laser program, he did recommend that "we ought to keep a fast pace to keep on a program of our own." Exactly how fast-paced the U.S. laser program is can be determined from the GAO report.

Undertaken at the behest of the Senate's laser lobby, headed by Senator Malcolm Wallop, the report roundly criticizes the Defense Department's leisurely approach to a technology that could revolutionize all our concepts of strategic warfare.

A laser weapon would destroy targets by means of intense electromagnetic radiation, or particle fluxes. At present, the nuclear advantage lies with the aggressor and the giant ICBMs that, once launched, can't be stopped. However, a laser system, deployed in space in conjunction with other ballistic defense measures, shifts the advantage to the defense. Should one side launch a nuclear attack, the space-based laser would intercept the ballistic missiles while they are still in their "boost" phase—i.e., when most vulnerable—and destroy them while still over the enemy's territory.

Some problems still must be solved before lasers can go from the laboratory to outer space, but it does appear that an extraordinary number of the laser's problems come from within the Defense Department. According to the GAO, research into high-energy laser technology is limited not so much by technological obstacles as by bureaucratic mismanagement and underfunding. Misguided as the Defense Department's policies may be, don't expect the industrial side of the military-industrial complex to protest. As *Aviation Week & Space Technology* editorializes, the defense industry rarely crosses its only customer, particularly when the customer has made it clear that he wants to unload his money in a more traditional fashion. The Defense Department is seeking a total of $258 billion for fiscal year 1983; out of this sum, approximately $400 million will be lavished on the military applications of lasers. That works out to less than 0.002 per cent of the Pentagon budget for a technology that the GAO ranks on a level with the invention of computers and nuclear weapons.

Less Data, Not More

Among the things Washington will be doing less of in the months to come is gathering economic statistics. The budget cuts in agencies like the Bureau of Labor Statistics have brought howls of outrage from the two groups that use the data: businesses and social scientists.

The businesses might be persuaded to cough up some sort of user fee for their share of the data, but the social scientists predictably claim public interest. Even President Reagan needs good economic data to make decisions, they will say. Social statistics are a neutral tool. Let's not govern in the dark.

As a useful corrective to this line of complaint, we turn to the words of Sir John Cowperthwaite, who presided over the finances of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong during the spectacular boom of the 1960s. Hong Kong did not collect even the most basic economic statistics—Gross National Product, balance of trade—and Sir John steadfastly ignored the pleas of social scientists that it begin doing so. "The simple answer is that we have no practical use for them and are not prepared to go to the expense and trouble (not least on the part of businessmen and bankers, who have more important things to do) of collecting them, if indeed they are collectible here even to the rather inaccurate standards of other countries. . . . The system reacts long before any figures could be put together."

Not only did such figures "not have a great deal of

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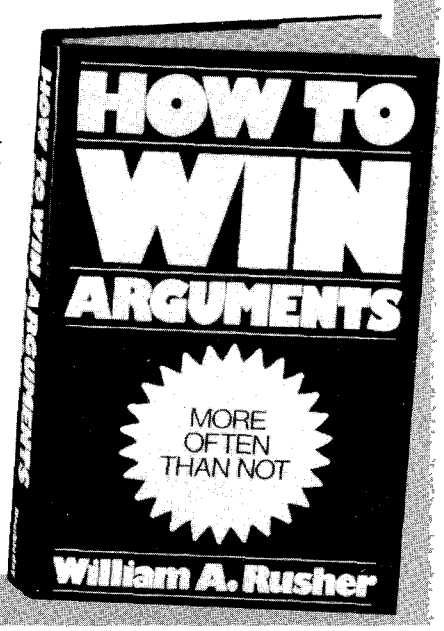

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meaning, even as a basis of comparisons between economies," but they posed an actual danger: "One of the honorable Members who spoke on this subject said outright, as a confirmed planner, that he thought that they were desirable for the planning of our future economic policy . . . We might indeed be right to be apprehensive lest the availability of such figures might lead, by a reversal of cause and effect, to policies designed to have a direct effect on the economy. I would myself deplore this."

Don't give the planners data, then; it only encourages them. But Sir John's point can be taken further. It might even be a good idea to stymie the planners completely by systematically falsifying the data, much as Soviet mapmakers falsify the location of rivers and dams to mislead NATO strategists. Deprived of accurate guidance, the planners' bombs might miss their targets, and the economy survive unscathed. The erroneous data would be a nuisance for businesses, of course, just as the Soviet maps must be annoying to (hypothetical) Russian tourists visiting Siberia for a weekend of white-water rafting. It's for their own good, though.

Rendering unto Caesar

Overturning an earlier decision, the New York State Supreme Court ruled that Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church is eligible for tax-exempt status. Lower courts had denied exemption on the grounds that the group's beliefs were "inextricably interwoven with political motives"; but the higher court found that the "primary purpose" of Moon's organization was indeed religious.

Ideally, the question should be moot. The notion that the First Amendment should insulate churches from tax laws is a species of judicial fundamentalism, as absurd as the idea that school prayers constitute an establishment of religion. Historically, the special treatment accorded churches by the state has been discretionary, a recognition of their social role (the tax codes also exempt institutions which are charitable or educational). In the best of all possible worlds—here defined as one with a flat tax rate of 15 per cent—everyone would pay, probably willingly.

Meanwhile, churches retain their privileges; and Caesar would do well to avoid passing judgments on them. No doubt the tax men moved on the Moonies not because of their alleged high-rolling, but because their doctrines are blasphemous and bizarre (the Korean evangelist strongly implies that he is Christ's successor, come to clean up a job botched the first time around). But then, Christian Science also seemed weird once. So did Mormonism. One early Quaker ran naked through the City of London wearing a brazier on his head and crying "Woe unto the bloody city." We know what Pilate did to Jesus.

This is emphatically not to say that all creeds are the same, or that the government cannot move against obvious frauds. But no one claimed that the Unification Church was founded as a tax-evasion scheme. That being the case, the government should not be in the business of deciding what is or is not a religion.

Pre-empting The Mental Defense

The lawyers of John Hinckley, the young man who shot the President of the United States, the President's press secretary, a Secret Service man, and a policeman, in full view of network television and dozens of witnesses, appear to be laying the groundwork for some sort of insanity plea ("Hinckley" was "a disturbed young man who had taken refuge in a fantasy world," is how the *New York Times* capsulized the emerging argument). Meanwhile, the question emerges, is it time to outlaw insanity as a defense?

A new book, *The Yale Murder*, by Peter Meyer, raises the same issues in connection with the killing of Bonnie Garland, a Yale co-ed, in 1977. Miss Garland was bludgeoned to death, sleeping in her own house, by Richard Herrin, a recently jilted lover. At the trial, Herrin's lawyer, arguing that his client had behaved like "an unfeeling robotlike machine," secured a verdict of "not guilty of murder" by reason of "extreme mental disturbance." Herrin, convicted on the lesser charge of manslaughter, will become eligible for parole in 1986.

Neither act, be it noted, was a classic husband-stumbles-on-wife-with-lover crime of passion. Herrin had been brooding for weeks about Miss Garland's rejection of him, while Hinckley had written letters boasting of the impending shooting, and had purchased exploding bullets for his pistol.

What is wrong with the mental defense in such cases? The insanity plea, first invoked for one Daniel M'Naghten in 1843, was originally intended to distinguish from the common run of criminals those lunatics who literally did not know right from wrong (M'Naghten had murdered Sir Robert Peel's secretary while under the delusion that Peel was persecuting

The Acrobatic Mrs. Fenwick

Millicent Fenwick, formerly *Vogue*'s,
Chic in Chanels and feminine brogues,
Says she adores the President's smile,
Tilting toward Tip O'Neill all the while.
Jerseyites soon will see, I submit,
Millicent Fenwick doing the split.

W. H. von Dreele

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him). But over the years it has broadened and broadened like a collapsing soufflé, until now it can be made to cover just about anything. Murder, almost by definition, is a traumatic action. If "disturbance" is the criterion of irresponsibility, how many murderers are "undisturbed"?

Since mental defenses are meaningless, they can only work arbitrarily. In practice, they tend to benefit criminals with engaging personalities and clever lawyers. "Most of the time," Meyer quotes one criminal attorney, "juries either like or dislike a defendant. . . . If you can get them to like your guy, then insanity gives them the pretext to acquit."

Finally, the mental defense is morally otiose and juridically irrelevant. Psychiatry is a retrospective discipline. Given an action, it uncovers the "reasons" for it. But does the existence of reasons render the actor irresponsible? In the jargon of philosophers, are reasons—even irrational ones—causes?

"Psychiatrists," Meyer quotes Dr. Laurence Loeb, a professor of law and a psychiatrist, "can find reasons for anything. . . . The question is, what approach does society take to any kind of criminal action." Indeed. The courts, for the most part, have been following, or at least interpreting, the statutes. A little legislative therapy is in order.

Oremus

The President's proposal to amend the Constitution to permit organized prayer in public schools has provoked howls of concern from the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council of Churches, and other groups whose anguish is usually a sign that one is on the right track. All the same:

1. The Supreme Court's 1982 ruling was itself an abuse of the Constitution. It is bad business to amend the Constitution to make it mean what it meant in the first place.

2. A better approach would be to clip the power of the Court. It should be stressed—by the President, preferably—that a system in which one branch of government answers neither to the people nor to the other two branches cannot be said to enjoy a "balance of powers." The Court's activism represents an institutional deformity which should be directly addressed.

3. That the Federal Government has no power to forbid prayer in public schools does not mean that such prayer is necessarily desirable. However overweening its ruling, the Court did raise a serious issue of propriety.

4. The preferred approach should be to encourage private education, through which parents could support religious education, sex education, and anything else they deem appropriate for their children.

5. Maybe the President's initiative will help some people to appreciate the force of points 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Babcock's letter in "Notes & Asides" [April 16] concerning the cross-references in the subject catalogue of the Seattle Public Library implied that the Seattle librarians were responsible for the biased linkages. Actually, the subjects and cross-references used in most large and medium-sized libraries are taken from the *Library of Congress Subject Headings* (9th edition). However, before your readers begin to think that our taxes are used to subsidize anti-conservative implications in libraries, may I point out another series of cross-references in *LCSH9*?

TOTALITARIANISM
see also COLLECTIVISM
COMMUNISM
DICTATORS
DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT
FASCISM
NATIONAL SOCIALISM

Please note that this supports Susan Sontag's syllogism that Communism and fascism are the same.

On the other hand, the subject headings also include the following:

EFFICIENCY, INDUSTRIAL
see also SOCIALIST COMPETITION

Sincerely,
Bryan R. Johnson
Forest Hills, N.Y.

■ Memo to: The editors and other high officials of NATIONAL REVIEW
From: W. A. Rusher

Attached is your personal copy of an expensive survey of our readership, conducted recently for advertising purposes by the Mark Clements Research Organization. I thought you would be interested.

[Excerpts:]

[INFORMATION ON SUBSCRIBERS]

Males	83.9%
Females	16.1%
Median Age	52.1 years
18-34	21.8%
18-49	45.6%

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Graduated	73.4%
Postgraduate	47.1%
Business, Industry, or Professionals	66.7%
Median Income	$39,660
Average Income	$52,430
$20,000+	84.5%
$25,000+	74.8%
$50,000+	35.7%
Number of Issues Read	
All of the last 4	82.5%
3 of the last 4	9.2%
Where Read	
At home	94.6%
At the office	7.9%
Number of Times Pick Up a Typical Issue	
Average number of times	4.6 times
Total Time Spent with a Typical Issue	
Average time spent reading	1.6 hours
Length of Time Typical Issue Is Kept	
Average number of weeks	20.8 weeks

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSEHOLDS

1. Civic and Public Activities	
Wrote to a public official	69.5
Sent a telegram to a public official	18.5
Wrote to an editor	32.7
Active role in civic or social issue	48.0
Worked for a political party or candidate	34.0
Ran for public office	3.0
Gave a speech or addressed a public meeting	35.2
Did volunteer work	57.0
Active in civic, church, or charitable group	75.3
Wrote an article or book for publication	18.9
2. Leisure Activities	
Attended art shows and galleries	92.1
Attended theater, concerts, operas, ballets	100.0
Went bicycling	54.0
Went boating, sailing	44.3
Went camping	31.9
Collected stamps, coins	25.2
Went fishing	33.8
Flew a private plane	6.1
Played golf	33.1
Went hunting	18.0
Went jogging	43.4
Listened to stereo music	100.0
Read books for pleasure	100.0
Went snow skiing	27.0
Went skin or scuba diving	8.5
Played tennis	36.1
Went water skiing	12.0

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

". . . a couple of letters of support from OAS nations and one letter from someone who is not necessarily alive and well and living in Argentina, but is ready to launch a surprise invasion of England if the stars are right . . ."

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

It might be a good idea to write a "Notes & Asides" about the three new features we will be introducing in the next few weeks. I.e., Chris Simonds's "Profiles of the Staff," Tom Bethell's economic column from Washington (every other issue), and Mike Scully's quarterly review of the scholarly journals.

We now have three Simonds profiles on hand—of Nika Hazelton, Joseph Sobran, and Jeffrey Hart; the first Bethell column runs this issue (I will alternate Bethell and Novak); and Mike Scully's first column is now in house.

Christopher H. Simonds, 39, former editorial associate of NATIONAL REVIEW, 1967 to 1973, currently a master at Indian Mountain School in Lakeville, Connecticut.

Tom Bethell, 45, British free-lance writer, editorial contributor to *Harper's* and to *The American Spectator*, occasional contributor to *NR*, with headquarters in Washington.

Michael A. Scully, 33, an associate editor of *The Public Interest*, editor of *This World*, a quarterly journal on religion and politics.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Why don't we right-wing nuts claim Machiavelli as a leading conservative thinker? He's a pretty clever fellow.

Inquiringly yours,
Jeff Tutt
West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Mr. Tutt: The nuts among us do. Cordially,
—WFB

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FROM

Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Tilting Toward Britain

JESSE HELMS was out front early in opposing the abandonment of U.S. neutrality in the Falklands conflict, and he has begun to look prescient to a lot of people in this town, even those members of Congress and the State Department who had urged siding with Britain. Reassessments of the tilt are under way, triggered by the grisly turn of events in the South Atlantic, beginning with the sinking of the Argentine *General Belgrano* and the British *Sheffield*, and the consequent large loss of life.

From the outset of the crisis, Helms gave it as his view that Britain should stay out of the South Atlantic lest her presence there drive a wedge between our NATO allies and our OAS allies. The United States should broker the dispute, he stressed, not take sides. Other senators, notably John Warner and Ted Stevens, and Representatives Toby Roth (Wis.) and Eldon Rudd (Ariz.)—all Republicans—also showed early discomfort with our "ill-timed and ill-advised" pro-British stand.

The State Department, despite a vast, ingrained bias toward Europe, also contains an alarmed and vocal minority who argued strenuously against siding with Britain, noting that it would terminate Haig's arbitration role, taint his early mediation efforts, send shock waves through South America, aid and abet Central American Marxists, facilitate closer Soviet ties to Argentina, violate the spirit if not the letter of the Monroe Doctrine and the Rio Pact, and undercut the Reagan/Haig hemispheric policy of forging a coalition of anti-Soviet governments.

Why surrender Haig's mediation role, demanded the pro-neutralists at State, especially *in medias res*? Neither NATO nor Margaret Thatcher, they argued, will stand or fall depending on whether we stay neutral. "In fact," said Toby Roth, "our honest-broker role, if held to, would have helped NATO and helped the Thatcher government." It was noted early that a tilt would create the impression that in his arbitration Haig had never really been impartial at all.

Some also argue, in retrospect, that our continued neutrality might have reined the British in and kept them from torpedoing the *General Belgrano*, a tragic miscalculation. Jesse Helms pointed out that the British opened fire on Argentine positions just 12 hours after Haig read his "we will help the Brits" announcement.

The counterargument goes something like this: Yes, Latin noses will be pushed out of joint, but our support of the British will force the Argentinians back to the negotiating table, the conflict will thus be shortened, and in a year or two all will blow over. The premise was that damage would be slight: perhaps half a dozen helicopters, patrol boats, airplanes lost, and relatively few lives. The sinking of the *General Belgrano* and the *Sheffield* changed all that. That new variable shifted assumptions and triggered discreet reappraisals.

IN LATIN AMERICA, rhetoric passes quickly. Death and violence are what make memories endure. One story that made the Washington rounds before the *Belgrano* was sunk had a ranking diplomat from Venezuela (our closest Latin American ally) saying to a ranking State Department official, "How can the British expect Venezuela to support Britain, when Britain shelled our port cities in 1902 trying to force us to pay some back debts." *Nineteen-ought-two.* That gives you an idea of how long recollections of death and violence last in Latin America.

As for the effects of the dispute on Central America, Marxists in Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico are taking a perverse delight in our British tilt. They see it as giving the lie to every argument we have advanced for our policy of denying a European power (the USSR) influence in this hemisphere. When push comes to shove, they say, we revert to type, the Yankee imperialist colonist.

The Russian dimension of the conflict was noted too, again by Helms, who said early and often in the contention that "the only one who wins when two of our allies go to war is the Soviet Union." [See also "The Protracted Conflict."] Now the Soviets are trying hard to pry open the new entry point, Helms believes, despite continuing Argentine reluctance to let them do it. Hitherto, Argentina bought her weaponry from Israel, France, Britain, and, in tiny amounts, the United States. After the Argentine military has been decimated by the British, Helms believes, the Soviets will press hard to rebuild it, offering to trade guns for grain, and at concessionary rates.

Thomas Enders, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, argued the above case. But his efforts were doomed before they began. The State Department is rootedly Europeanist in both its career and its political personnel. (Even Enders is a Europeanist—which, in this instance, helped his case.) Take the three top people: Haig is former NATO Commander. Deputy Secretary Walter Stoessel is former ambassador to Bonn and Moscow. Under Secretary for Political Affairs Lawrence Eagleburger is former Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, historically State's strongest bureau. At State, no bureau ever wins a regional battle against Europe, as Tom Enders knows. He also knows that with few exceptions (like Cordell Hull), no Latin Americanist ever reaches the top or the near-top at the State Department.

A couple of longer-term lessons for the Republic from this bizarre debacle (aside from the obvious ones) are the need for more geopolitical balance among personnel at State, and an integrated Latin American foreign policy. Had there been either, Al Haig might look now less like an energetic crisis manager and more like a statesman—an image (and a reality) that, despite his gifts, continues to elude him. □

Mr. McLaughlin is the host of a new TV discussion program, The McLaughlin Group, *airing Sundays at noon on Washington's NBC station, and featuring Robert Novak, Jack Germond, Pat Buchanan, and Morton Kondracke.*

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THE TERMS OF PRODUCTION

Owning El Salvador

TOM BETHELL

FIRST THINGS first. Imagine two survivors of a shipwreck who make their way to a desert island. One brings with him a hammer. The other has retrieved a sickle. The island's wealth consists of: two people, two implements, and raw vegetation.

The survivors eye each other's implements. The one with the hammer decides that he would be more adept with the sickle, and the sickle-holder is a hammer-man at heart. So they swap. After the exchange—and by virtue of it—the island is wealthier. This paradox is the foundation stone of economic understanding. The material endowment of the island has not changed. Yet the island is wealthier.

Private property—ownership—is the most important precondition for the improvement of the material circumstances of life. Property may seem petty—but it is natural. Small children understand the idea of ownership. So do parents when they try giving children presents that are to be shared. All other ideas in economics are subordinate to the idea of ownership.

Orphaned Objects

It is sometimes said that economics is the study of "the transfer of resources to more highly valued uses." If people do not own things, they cannot exchange them. By contrast, if you own something, you can "appreciate" its value—the double meaning is deliberate. Things do not have a given, static value. Their value depends on how much we prize them. Through effort and imagination, value can also be added—the sickle sharpened.

If you own something, you can also "realize" its value—another convenient two-way word. You can do so by exchanging it for something else that you value more highly. (Often, money.) Owners, who are legally permitted to "appreciate" the value of what they have, and to "realize" that value by exchange, also understand what they are missing by failing to do so.

When things are owned by no one—when they are "owned" by the state—then no individual experiences the pang of missed opportunity when they are mistreated, undervalued, or in disrepair. The value of such orphaned objects cannot be "realized" by anyone. Therefore the value is not appreciated either. So things tend to depreciate. Sickles rust and hammers fly off the handle.

This is what happens in socialist countries where property rights are abrogated. The Soviet Union is a case in point. Sickles and hammers can't be exchanged if they are the property of the state. Permission to dispose of land and goods as seems wisest is transferred from many dispersed people to a few, centrally located. Decision-making throughout the land is militarized. Instead of agreeing (by price) with your neighbor, you must obey the command of your superior. These orders from above are often counterproductive, diminishing rather than increasing the value of things. The military model is appropriate for an army (lots of people doing the same thing), but is inappropriate for an economy (lots of people doing different things). So the commander of the economy often gives the wrong orders.

Those whose decision-making authority has been usurped, and who must now carry out orders that are counterproductive, will rebel. When this happened in Russia, the mutinous kulaks were shot. In El Salvador recently, a similar attempt to centralize authority was made by the Carter Administration, under the rubric of "land reform." Again there was an uprising.

Two years ago, in phase one of the land-seizure program, landholdings of more than 1,250 acres were seized by the government and their owners were driven off with the promise of recompense at a fraction of market value. This land was then "transferred" to peasant cooperatives. It was "given" to them, in the misleading term used by *The Economist*.

What does it mean to say that you "own" something? That you can do what you like with it—above all sell it. Knowing that you can realize its value, you will then work to improve it. But in most instances, the title to the seized Salvadoran land has not been transferred to the peasants. It has been retained by the government. And in cases where the title has been transferred (as in the seizure of smaller holdings, called the "land to the tiller" program), the title has been entailed by the government. That is, the title cannot be transferred to others. This in turn means that the land's value cannot be fully realized by its new "owners" (i.e., tillers).

The Tiller Has No Title

"The title can be used to obtain credit," said John Clary, the El Salvador desk officer at the Agency for International Development. "But the title-holder cannot sell it. The idea behind this is to avoid creating a new group of absentee landlords, or getting the old ones back." In the case of the "land to the tiller" program, Mr. Clary said, "a farmer cannot sell the land, but in the event of death it can be passed on to a family member once every thirty years."

The U.S. Government has spent $30 million trying to impose socialism on El Salvador. Revenge rather than economic calculation appears to have been the principal motive behind the "land reform" program.

Fortunately, the U.S. also ordered up an election. "Democratic elections are wonderful things," Jude Wanniski wrote in a letter to the *New York Times*, "because there is more wisdom in the masses than in the elites. The people of El Salvador were asked if they supported the proposition that it's good to confiscate the property of one group and distribute it to another. Mr. D'Aubuisson's popular support stems from his ardent opposition to the Maoist collectivization of Salvador's farms."

If the titles are not transferred to the Salvadoran peasants, and in turn made transferrable to anyone, including previous owners, then the peasants will not be able to realize, hence will not be motivated to improve, the value of the land they till. An economic decline comparable to that experienced by the Soviet Union will ensue. There will be "bad harvests," and they will no doubt be attributed to "bad weather." □

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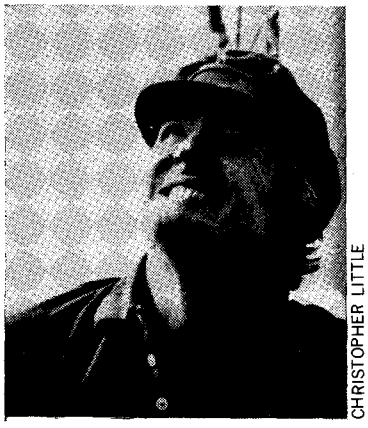
A National Bestseller And No Wonder!

"Some words are in order on Mr. Buckley's career as a writer of fiction, by which I do not mean economics: it improves with each effort. Whether Blackford does unspeakable things to the Queen of England, restores by hand a German church, or fails to stop the Soviet Union from launching the first space satellite, each novel crackles with ideas. What improves is his grasp of plot mechanics. *Marco Polo, If You Can* is superior because the idea doesn't just sit there; it manages to flex itself dramatically. We all remember Francis Gary Powers, the U-2, the disrupted Paris summit conference, and the exchange of Mr. Powers for a Soviet spy. Mr. Buckley asks, 'What if?' which may be easy, and manages meanwhile to keep us absorbed which is very hard."

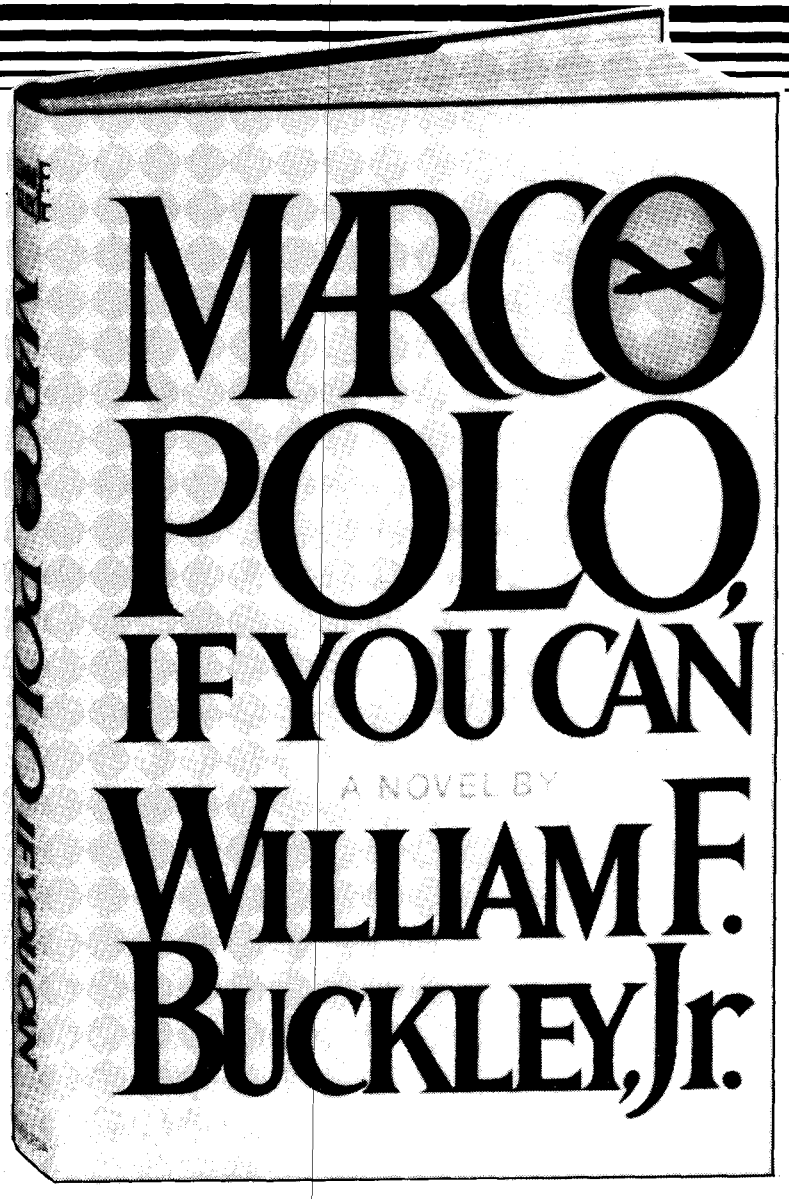
—John Leonard, *New York Times*

"In his fourth novel, William F. Buckley takes us on a delightful romp through a very important piece of history involving relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. This effort is reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh at his comic best. It also possesses the skillful development of plot of Frederick Forsyth. However, it remains distinctly Buckley all the way and his fans can revel in that fact. Buckley provides something which is all too often lacking these days within this genre, a sense of moral direction. His characters, who are humans with frailties rather than supermen, face frequently unpleasant, but necessary choices. That such choices must be made and acted upon and that worthy ends may justify less-than-admirable means are the messages Buckley is sending us through the suspense and the laughter."

—Charles Croft, *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser/Journal*



CHRISTOPHER LITTLE



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Target of Opportunity

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

Too little attention, I think, has been paid to the Soviet dimension in the Falklands crisis. There is a paradox at the heart of the Argentine junta's decision to invade the islands, which they call Las Malvinas (a corruption of the French Malouines, named after St. Malo, from which the explorer Bougainville set out in 1764 when he briefly colonized the islands—thereby establishing a putative French claim should the issue of sovereignty remain unresolved by the current crisis). The paradox is that the junta's policy plays into Soviet hands and contradicts the essential aims of the military regime since it deposed Isabelita Perón in 1976.

A double paradox. The aim and justification of the well-publicized coup of 1976 was to defeat what remains the worst outbreak of terrorism in contemporary history; and it is too often overlooked or ignored that at long range the Soviets played an important role on the side of the terrorists.

The other half of the double paradox is that the junta had committed itself to helping the government of El Salvador in its struggle against the local brand of revolutionary violence armed and supported by the Soviet Union and its satellites.

The Soviet Connection

Because the Argentine Communist Party (PCA) has long taken a relatively moderate public attitude toward revolutionary violence (as did the corresponding parties in Uruguay and Chile), it was too readily assumed that the Soviet Union (to which each of the three parties remained staunchly attached) could not have been involved in local terrorism and subversion.

The impression was heightened in Argentina's case because the main terrorist groups—the ERP and the Montoneros—affected anti-Soviet or non-Soviet ideologies. The former called itself Trotskyist and was initially affiliated with the Fourth International; while the Montoneros called themselves "Peronista."

The impression of non-involvement by the Soviets was deliberately misleading, as history shows.

In January 1966, the Soviets and their Cuban protégés pulled off a remarkable coup when the Tricontinental Conference met in Havana. It was an amazing jamboree, with five hundred delegates, both Communist and "left-wing." The Russians were there, and the Chinese too, six years after the great schism.

One of those present was Salvador Allende (four years before his brief and disastrous spell in power started in Chile). He declared that the conference had "opened a new stage in the struggle against imperialism," adding that the possibility of an "insurrectional struggle" was not ruled out in his own country.

The lasting outcome of the conference was the Latin American Solidarity Organization (LASO), with headquarters in Havana. This was and is an umbrella organization, designed to cover terrorist and insurgent groups that wish to keep their distance from Moscow. In Argentina, the ERP and the Montoneros were linked, through the LASO, to each other and, through Cuba, to the USSR. Although the two kept their separate identities, they coordinated their activities and operated within pre-arranged lines of demarcation.

Throughout the Argentine military's war against the terrorists (a real war, which graduated to battalion-size battles from the earlier bombings and kidnapings, often for astronomical ransoms), the huge propaganda apparatus of the Soviet Union and the international Communist movement was mobilized against the junta. Successfully.

The received version of the truth from television and major newspapers in the West was that the junta was guilty of massive violations of human rights. Doubtless it was. But little was said of the violation of the right to life by the terrorists. It is rather as though the history of World War II and American involvement were told in terms of Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the fire raids on Tokyo, without any mention of Pearl Harbor and Corregidor.

Then there is the curious and little-known story of Rodolfo José Puiggros, retold by the French specialist on Communist subversion, Pierre F. de Villemarest, in his book *The Strategists of Fear* (Voxmundi, Geneva, 1980). When last heard of, Puiggros (who is in his late seventies) was a member of the Directorate of the Montoneros in Mexico City. The interesting point is that he had been one of the leaders of the Argentine Communist Party, for twenty years starting in 1926. At that point (1946), he offered to serve the dictator Juan Domingo Perón, who accepted. This of course meant leaving the PCA.

Now, the normal fate of Communist renegades (apart from the assassination hazard) is to find themselves vilified by their erstwhile comrades. Not so Puiggros. Never, but never, did the Party attack him, which strongly suggests that he had quit on Party orders. So was he a Communist or a "Peronista"?

The Montoneros claimed to be followers of Perón, and Perón, while in his Madrid exile, accepted them as his faithful followers; but when the Montoneros went on murdering and kidnapping after his return to Buenos Aires, he denounced them as subversives, and set the army against them. The truth is that they were Marxist-Leninists masquerading as Peronistas and ultimately working for Moscow's world subversive apparatus.

The second half of the paradox is El Salvador. Largely as a result of quiet American diplomacy, the Argentine junta had committed itself to providing military help to the government of El Salvador. This fact alone is enough to explain why President Reagan decided initially that he had to mediate between Britain and Argentina and needed to be even-handed if mediation was to work.

'Win-Win' Situation

One deplorable result of Argentina's unilateral aggression (for that is what it was under international law) is that the Soviets immediately found themselves in a "win-win" situation. Either a victorious Galtieri would be made dependent on the USSR for arms, as Argentina already was as a grain and meat market. Or a defeated Galtieri might give the Argentine Left a new chance in a revived and chaotic party democracy.

One thing I am quite certain of: this was not what the Argentine public, and particularly that important section of it which supports the current junta, really wanted. □

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HADLEY ARKES

A LOVER'S LAMENT *For The Reagan Administration*

ONE OF THE President's closest aides "confided" this February, in an interview with David Broder, that the next nine months would be the "make or break" time for the Administration. Everyone takes for granted by now that the political prospects of the Administration (and of the Republican Party in Congress) will turn on a decline in interest rates and the recovery of the economy. Presumably, this senior advisor will not resign his office—or urge his President to step down—if these events do not arrive on time. Like many partisans of the Administration, he may hope that good times will make a conservative Administration more popular, but in his own understanding, at least, the moral claim of conservatives to govern would not apparently depend on the level of interest rates or unemployment at any moment. He must have, then, *other reasons* for preferring to have Ronald Reagan in office, and yet we may reasonably ask: what has the Administration done over the past year to instruct the press and the public on what those "other reasons" might be?

We must remind ourselves that it required no small exertion of political genius to bring us to the point at which friends of the Administration seem to be flagging in their confidence just a year after a landslide victory, and Mr. George Will is warning that the conservative moment in our politics may come to an early end. This state of affairs has not been produced by nature. To reduce the political ends of a conservative Administration to the singular question of "the budget and taxes," to hinge the moral claims of a conservative Administration on the vagaries of the stock market—these things were accomplished through deliberate statecraft. They are the necessary consequence of the strategies chosen by the men who managed Mr. Reagan's campaign and established the shape of the Administration during the period of "transition": since the fall of 1980 Mr. Reagan and his entourage have systematically tutored the American public to judge a conservative Administration first and foremost by its success in managing the economy and improving on the record of the Carter Administration.

Of course, Mr. Reagan had presented, in his candidacy, a sense of urgency on the question of national defense, but as he hammered on that issue in the campaign, he persistently made himself vulnerable to the efforts of the Carter camp and the press to portray him as inexperienced and belligerent. For tactical reasons it became necessary to shift the attention of the media elsewhere, and the Reagan people decided to steer the campaign to the more familiar ground of the "bread and butter" issues, where the record of the Carter Administration was manifestly weak. But as the Reagan campaign altered in this way the nature of its public appeals and the ordering of its concerns, it took the steps that also recast the character of the Administration which emerged from the campaign. And that altered sense of the mission and character of the Administration would become the source of serious political dangers.

That these dangers were evident already in the fall of 1980 is a point that was confirmed for me recently when I had occasion to review my own papers and notes from the campaign. That fall I was able to commit some of my days to the Reagan headquarters, and in the course of my work I was brought to Kenyon, Ohio, where I debated on behalf of Mr. Reagan before a college audience. In looking back over my text for that evening in October, I find that I took the occasion to sound a warning to my friends in the campaign. I made the case for Mr. Reagan, but I also pointed out that the new choice of tactics was threatening to transform the meaning of the Reagan candidacy: as Mr. Reagan made the issue of the economy pre-eminent, he was running the risk of converting the election into a choice merely between two social scientists, who were offering two different empirical theories about the measures that would revive the economy and bring down inflation.

Now I must confess that I am one who has become "hooked," over the last several years, on the writings of Jude Wanniski, Paul Craig Roberts, and the editorial writers of the *Wall Street Journal*, who have made the most imaginative case for what is now called "supply-side" economics. God help me, I find Wanniski persuasive in almost every-

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> Indeed, it might be said, the Administration treated matters of fact as matters of belief, and matters of belief as matters of fact

thing he writes, and I can only be grateful that he hasn't appeared at my door with a set of encyclopedias to sell. I have been convinced, then, that Mr. Reagan has been right in the main lines of his program for the reduction of tax rates, and that if the program had any fault, it was in the agreement to modify and postpone the original scheme of reductions.

And yet, not for nothing has it been said that Hitler received better advice from his astrologers than recent Presidents have received from their advisors on economics. Even if we have been impressed with a "rational belief" in favor of supply-side economics, we must still recognize that the truths which inform this school can never be more than "contingent" in character, and that its empirical predictions, even when they are most powerful, can never be more than statistical or probabilistic. It may be true, for example, that a reduction in tax rates will result in an increase in investment and production—and, eventually, an increase in revenue. All of this may happen, but it may not happen every time for every reduction in tax rates. Whether it happens or not is dependent or *contingent* on circumstances. This is not to point out any infirmity that is peculiar to supply-side economics. It is merely to point out the nature of truths that are merely statistical and contingent, as opposed to propositions that must hold true *as a matter of necessity*.

The understandings of supply-side economics are attuned, I think, to the ways of the world, but no truth they convey would have the necessary force, say, of the proposition that "No number is so large that one more may not be added to it"; or: "If Smith is thrown out of a window, he is not responsible for falling down, and he may not be held accountable then for any damage that is caused by his fall to the ground"; or: "No moral inference can be made about a man merely from knowing his race. We cannot say, therefore, merely on the basis of race, that any man deserves benefits or disabilities; that he deserves to pay higher taxes or to receive reparations."

It can be shown with little strain not only that these propositions are true, but that they *must* be true—that any attempt to contradict them would eventually fall into self-contradiction. They are, as we say, "apodictically" true, or true of necessity. Not only do they stand on a different plane from the "truths" conveyed by supply-side economics, but propositions of their kind would eventually furnish the *moral* foundation for the program of supply-side economics, and they would also bear this notable difference: they would not have the same political vulnerability as supply-side economics, because their validity would never be dependent on the ups and downs of the economy. Propositions of this kind supply the content and form of "principles," and it is the peculiar quality of principles that they mark off the things that are right or wrong in themselves, regardless of any ancillary effects they happen to produce.

And so, if it is wrong in principle to assign children to schools on the basis of their race, that wrong would remain the same even if it could be shown that the performance of black children actually *improved* under these conditions. If infanticide is in principle wrong, it would be wrong even if it could be shown that the effort to repress the killing of infants would have the effect of raising interest rates and depressing the economy.

It was the special strength of Ronald Reagan as a political candidate that he was able to crystallize, in the public sentiment, a conviction about the principles that should define our character as a political community. If the campaign had been directed along the path of Mr. Reagan's distinctive strengths, he would not have spent October of 1980 urging the American people to act as social scientists and judge between two different sets of empirical forecasts for the economy. He would have asked them, rather, to act as *citizens* and affirm a judgment on certain questions of principle that would have to be addressed before an Administration could pursue a policy in taxation or anything else.

In his usual, artful way, he could have raised these issues of principle by posing questions to his audience, and the subjects of those questions could have ranged from anti-trust to abortion and the redistribution of income. In none of these cases would the validity of his own positions have been proven or disproven by any effects they might produce in the Gross National Product or the state of the credit markets. For that reason, any program built on the answers to these questions would have been likely to be insulated politically from the play of the stock exchange.

Whether the economy became better or worse would have had no bearing on questions like: Is it always wrong for some people to have more while others have less? Can we assume that all higher incomes have been earned unjustly, and that the higher the income that any person has, the larger is the portion he is not justified in keeping for himself or his family? Do human beings lose their claims to live if their families do not "want" them? Do their claims, as human beings, to the protection of the law hinge on their size or their degree of dependency on others? Is it legitimate for a company to produce and market a breakfast cereal so long as its product commands no more than about 6 to 8 per cent of the total sales? But would the company suddenly be engaged in a criminal activity—and be subject to prosecution—if its product came to attract about 10 per cent of the sales in its market?

There are right and wrong answers to all of these questions, but in no instance will the truth of the answer be confirmed by any effect that is produced in the economy. Let us assume for a moment that we have a tax policy that levies a rate of 20 per cent on the incomes of everyone "except for Americans of Oriental extraction, who will pay at a rate of 50 per cent." We could readily establish that an Oriental ancestry represents no fact of moral significance that would justify the imposition of penalties or a heavier charge of taxation. Let us suppose that a new Administration came into office committed to removing injustices of this kind. If the discourse of our past year provides any guide, we might expect the "party of equality" to protest that the tax cut is inequitable: Orientals would be getting their tax rate cut by more than half, while other people might be receiving little or no reduction in their taxes!

The more fundamental question of equity, of course, is whether the higher tax on Orientals was morally justified

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in the first place, and, if it were not, we could hardly be faulted for undoing a wrong now merely because not all parts of the population would receive the same amount of relief from taxation. I hope it would be clear, also, that the case for undoing this wrong in principle would be entirely unaffected if the opposition party suddenly became scrupulous about the budget and warned that a massive reduction in taxes for Orientals, at this particular time, would enlarge the deficit and drive up interest rates.

If the partisans of "progressive" taxation were able to absorb this minor introduction to moral reasoning, we might be able to show them, with a few additional steps, that the same objection could be raised against a tax policy that established a rate of 20 per cent, but which went on to stipulate that "people with incomes exceeding $60,000 will pay at a rate of 50 per cent." We could show that the mere "fact" of having an income of $60,000 has no more significance morally than the fact of being an Oriental: in neither case would the law establish any ground which could justify the penalty of steeper taxation.

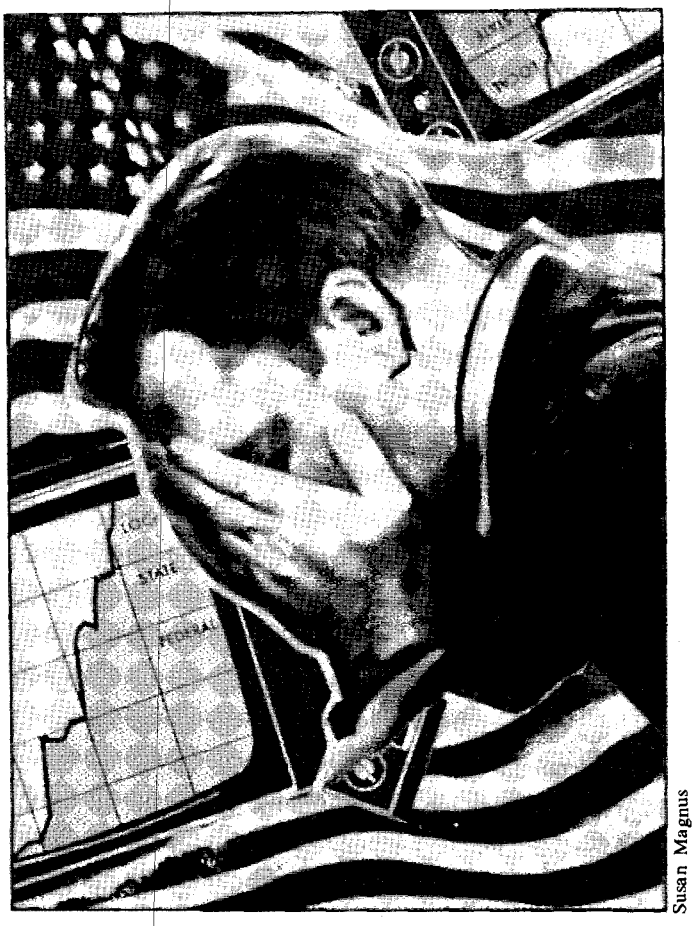
An Administration that came into office determined to remove this inequity would have the assurance, once again, that nothing it did to relieve this wrong could be discredited in principle even if its measures had the consequence of enlarging the deficit in the budget. And what could be said in this respect for the wrongs in principle contained in the tax laws could be said in equal measure for any of the other wrongs that it was the mission of the Reagan Administration to address, from the new racialism of quotas and preferential hiring to the laws that permit, each year, the killing of 1.5 million children in abortions.

If it is true, then, that Mr. Reagan drew his following in the country through his uncommon knack for touching and representing these questions of principle, the political standing of the Administration should not have been affected in the slightest degree last August by the decline of the stock market and the upward flight of interest rates. It was Mr. Reagan's supreme political asset that he came into office with a set of concerns that could not be reduced merely to the "management of the economy" and which could be sheltered politically from the mistakes wrought by his counselors on economics. And yet, these assets were largely squandered. The Administration managed to school the press and the public to judge the new government first—and most decisively—by its success in managing the economy. Hence the situation in midsummer, when the interest rates darted upward, the stock market betrayed a want of confidence, and the friends of the Administration began to panic.

For all of this, as I say, the Administration had largely itself to thank. Just how needless was the statecraft that brought the Administration to this situation could have been seen in any overview of the new government. For it was apparent from the change of men and measures that the intention was to alter the ends of public administration in all of its departments. And so the Administration has come forth with a realistic program to improve the national defense quickly, while it has laid the groundwork for a notable expansion of spending on defense in the future. It has withdrawn the support of the Federal Government from activist efforts to promote schemes of "racial balancing" in the schools and racial quotas in employment. It has placed in the Department of Health and Human Services people who have been strongly tied to the "pro-life" movement, and whose presence would ensure that the authority and funding of the national government will not be used to promote abortions.

And yet there can be no gainsaying that the emphasis on the management of the economy in the first year has involved more than a focusing of the public attention. It has also diminished the energy that may be invested in other concerns, and it has distracted the Administration from some of its other commitments. After the sale of the AWACS to the Saudis, Mr. George Will suggested that the measures of the new Administration would become more coherent as soon as the President was able to bring to these matters the benefit of that reflection he had been concentrating on matters of taxing and spending. In regard to racial quotas, the Department of Justice was scaling back schemes of racial busing and announcing its unwillingness to join lawsuits any longer in support of these "remedies." Still, there was no attempt yet to reject these policies at their root and to put the Administration in opposition, legally, to schemes of "reverse discrimination." And if opponents of abortion were spread throughout the government, they were not represented among the President's closest advisors, and that omission probably accounts for the notable failure to appoint an opponent of abortion to the one position that mattered the most: the vacancy that opened on the Supreme Court with the resignation of Justice Stewart.

When a dispute flared over the appointment of Mrs. Sandra Day O'Connor, the opponents of her nomination were charged with religious zealotry in their insistence on according such a decisive weight to the "single issue" of abortion. And for the sake of avoiding the embarrassment



Susan Magnus

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of defeat, the White House staff was apparently willing to acquiesce in this ridicule. But in its willingness to support this caricature of its own most devoted followers, the Administration not only acted with a gratuitous want of propriety; it also turned the facts of the matter upside down: the Administration was not being opposed in this nomination by a group with a parochial, truncated view of the ends of the political order. Nor was it dealing with allies who took a narrow view of their responsibilities as part of the coalition that sustained the Administration. It would be more accurate to say that the Administration was rapidly converting itself into a "single issue" Administration, and it was showing a rare insensitivity now to a number of groups that had supported Mr. Reagan in all parts of his program, from national defense to the reduction of taxes to the merciful easing of "regulation."

The Reverend Jerry Falwell and his constituency had been firm in their support of national defense, but a vacancy on the Supreme Court was simply not relevant to the problem of restoring the national defense, since the weaknesses in our defense did not emanate from any decisions of the courts. Quite another matter was the removal, in a sweep, of all laws in the country that restrained abortion—the imposition, in effect, of a "national" policy of legalized abortion on demand at any stage of a pregnancy. That state of affairs had emerged, distinctively, from the abuse of judicial authority. Therefore it could not be a mark of "zealotry" to seek the undoing of a wrong by concentrating on the source from which the offenses had come.*

The mindset that identifies a moral concern with religious zealotry was reflected rather well in the language that became familiar in our public discourse over the past year: questions about the economy or national defense have been regarded as the legitimate or "normal" questions of politics; but issues such as abortion and busing and affirmative action have been regarded as "social issues," as though they were somehow distant from the main business of government. The so-called "social" issues are placed at the periphery of politics because they are labeled as "moral" issues, and in the confusion of our current discourse, "moral" issues are identified with "religious" questions: they are thought to turn on matters of private faith or subjective belief, cut off from the prospect of giving reasons, citing evidence, and establishing the truth or falsity of propositions.

But in the strictest sense, moral propositions are radically distinguished from statements of personal belief or subjective feeling. Moral propositions claim to speak about the things that are *universally* right or wrong, just or unjust—by which we mean right or wrong, just or unjust, for others as well as ourselves. When the question of abortion, say, is regarded as a moral issue, it has nothing to do with matters of "belief." It would involve, rather, the grounds of principle on which the human fetus can be regarded as anything other than a human being, with a claim to the protections of the law. And if we find—as we must—that the offspring of *Homo sapiens* cannot be anything other than a human being, then the grounds on which fetal life is taken must be at least as compelling as the grounds we demand in other instances for the taking of other human life.

It was a telling sign, during the presidential campaign, when Mr. Reagan began to cast his remarks about abortion in the language of personal "belief," as though the nature of the human fetus was an inscrutable religious matter; as though the science of embryology had nothing to contribute on the question; and as though the canons of principled reasoning made it impossible to distinguish between a frivolous and a compelling reason for the taking of human life. Indeed, it might be said, as an ironic commentary on the first year of the Reagan Administration, that the Administration treated matters of fact as matters of belief, and matters of belief as matters of fact: it treated as a collection of necessary truths the tenets of "supply-side" economics, which may bear a closer resemblance to a religion. On the other hand, it treated certain inescapable facts—like the human nature of the human fetus—as though they were matters of mystic belief.

*It should be evident now, with the President's notable weakness in the polls among women, that Mr. Reagan derived no lasting political benefit from the appointment of Judge O'Connor. Those who were opposed to Ronald Reagan because of his stand on so-called "women's issues" were not likely to be won to his side on the strength of this one appointment. And yet, for the sake of this high gesture toward those who have been most reserved about Ronald Reagan, the Administration was apparently willing to risk a breaking of faith—and a vast, dispiriting effect—among the people who have formed the core of Mr. Reagan's most dedicated workers.

Susan Magnus

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As a matter of legal and moral judgment, the case in principle against abortion can be made without appealing at any point to revelation or to convictions of a religious nature. But if we put that to the side, we may take President Reagan at his own understanding: he professes to "believe" that a child in the womb is a human being, and that abortion involves the taking of human life. If he believes *that*, then he must be convinced that the 1.5 million abortions that are performed in the United States each year must be acts of killing that claim 1.5 million lives. It would be as though the authorities were compelled to stand back and permit 1.5 million members of a minority group to be lynched each year without the need to render a justification.

If that kind of killing were taking place, there would hardly be a doubt that we were in the presence of a crisis that touched the foundations of the political order. And if the killing were taking place during a presidential election year, could anyone doubt that it would be regarded as an issue at least as significant as the rate of inflation or the level of unemployment? If we take the President, then, at his word—that he believes 1.5 million innocent lives are being destroyed each year—how could he possibly regard that as a peripheral issue, which can be decorously placed to the side while the Administration tackles the truly "important" questions, such as the reduction of taxes?

Early in his first year, the President was addressing a joint session of Congress, and he proposed, among other things, the elimination of the special assistance that was furnished to workers who lost their jobs as a result of competition with foreign firms. Mr. Reagan pointed out that there was simply an inequity present: the law offered no comparable help to people who lost their jobs as a result of competition with domestic firms. Since there was no ground of principle on which to defend this inequity, he simply proposed to end the program. A short while later I was at lunch with a friend who was working on speeches in the White House, and I pointed out that this particular passage in the speech was a reflection of Reagan in his truest voice: it was Reagan, once again, pointing out the parts of our laws that had no principled foundation; and when a law cannot find a principled justification, it will be the source of an irritating injustice, for it will be imposing on someone a restriction or a cost that cannot be justified.

When the President raises these points, they are almost always instructive, and the public has no trouble in grasping the lessons he would teach. In fact, it is arguable that the President has built his political career by conveying issues in this way, and he could conceivably build a successful Presidency in the same manner by systematically addressing and removing these kinds of inequities that weave through our statutes and foster cynicism among our citizens. The public may have lost their confidence in the competence of political men to manage the economy, but they cannot see why it should be beyond the capacity of their leaders to manage the government in a principled way.

It is certainly within the state of the art, for example, to revoke executive orders on "affirmative action" and cease to press for court orders on "racial balancing." A people tutored to urbanity will not expect any longer that their lives may be redeemed through the promises of politicians. But they can be grateful to a leadership that seeks to ensure at least that the law administers its restraints and benefits on terms that are fair to all. I put the question then to my friend: Who was it who wrote that passage in the President's speech about the loss of jobs through foreign competition? He replied that the President himself inserted that passage into the text. All of which may confirm the sense that Mr. Reagan is his own best writer; but it may suggest also that the political course I've argued for here would be one that accords with Mr. Reagan's special strengths—and his best political reflexes.

The final judgment on the Reagan Administration should not be left to the arts of accountants and econometricians

Anyone who knows the politics of this country as it takes place in the congressional districts knows that issues such as abortion and busing and racial quotas have been very important at the margins, and that they played no small part in the movement that swept the Republicans back into control of the Senate for the first time in 28 years. It has been possible for the Republican Party to attract many Democrats on these issues, and the constituency for these concerns tends to preserve itself even through downturns in the economy.

There is no small profit to be made, then, if the President invested in these issues his considerable skill in speaking to the American people and advancing measures through Congress. Most notably, he would be able to reshape the public understanding of the grounds on which the success of his Administration would ultimately be judged. Few people identify Lincoln today as the man who presided over the Legal Tender Act, which brought on a massive inflation; and in judging the significance of his Administration there is no need to dispute the unmeasurable question of whether his leadership advanced or retarded prosperity, and by how much. The record of his Administration was marked by an achievement far more unequivocal than that. In the same way, the final judgment on the Reagan Administration should not be left to the arts of accountants and econometricians, debating the prosaic question of whether Ronald Reagan really did succeed in cutting back the size of the government to the level that was indeed the "right" one for the economy. Mindless reckonings of that kind could be displaced in the public judgment. Far better for Mr. Reagan to attempt to ensure that he is judged in the light of achievements far more precise and memorable.

If he made progress, for example, toward stopping the practice of abortion on demand, the results would be measured in the saving of over one million lives each year. In that event, there would be no strain to discover the standards by which the success of the Reagan Administration could be known; and there would be little risk that that achievement would be measured by any contingent set of numbers for interest rates and employment. For it would be understood then, far more clearly, that the mission of the Administration was to found the political order anew: to bring the American people to the point of judgment, once again, about the moral understandings that finally bind them to one another and establish the terms of principle on which this political community shall live. □

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JOHN HUTCHINSON

Ten Years, and a Million Men: POLAND, RUSSIA, AND THE WEST

LAST SEPTEMBER 28 *I went to the office of the Polish airline LOT in Gdansk to buy my ticket back to London after the Solidarity Congress. I had just been to the local PEVEX, the dollar shop, and bought a bar of otherwise unobtainable chocolate.*

In the ticket office I stood in line with a young Polish mother and her five-year-old daughter. I broke off two squares of chocolate, still joined together, and offered them to the small girl. She shook her head. Then her mother said it was all right, so she took the two squares of chocolate and —with a touch of hauteur—broke them apart and solemnly handed one back to me, as if to say that two pieces of chocolate were too many for a responsible Polish child to accept in 1981.

One skirts the maudlin to make a point, which is that, for a foreign visitor, the great fact about the Polish experience in 1981 was its *intensity*. The awareness of adversity and dignity of behavior I thought I saw in the child was a mirror of the experience she shared with her elders. There seemed to be nobody it did not affect, no corner it did not reach, no action it did not inform, no face it did not illuminate.

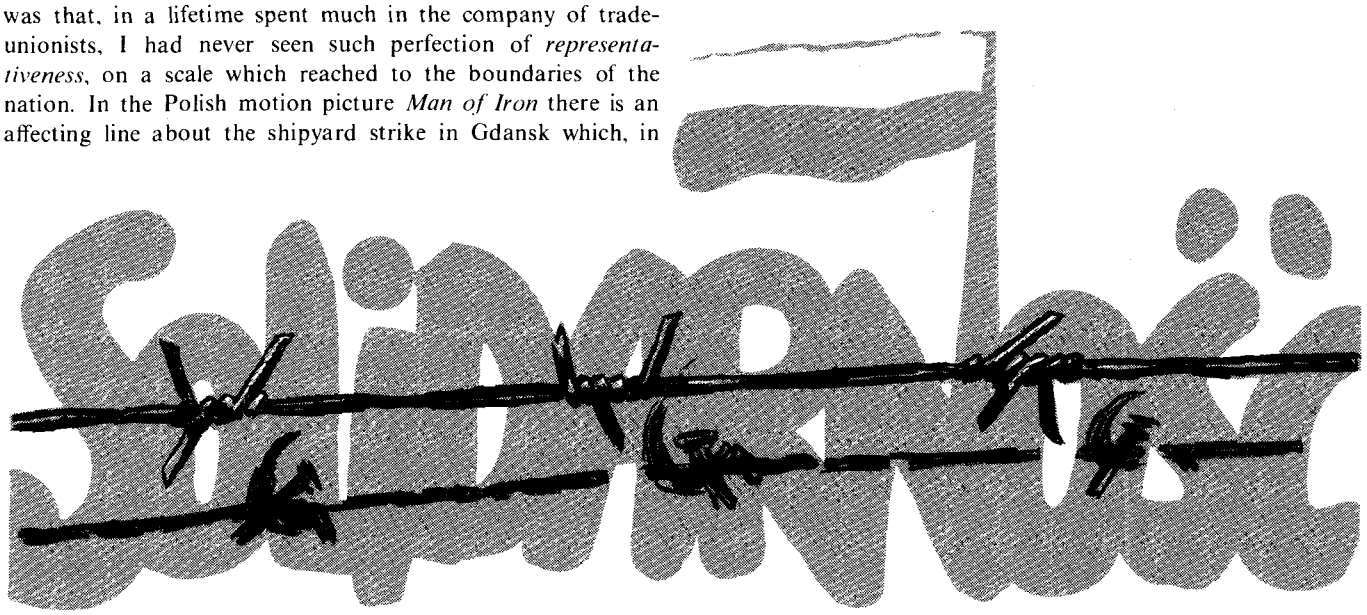
No organization was more properly named than Solidarity. At its founding Congress in Gdansk I felt entitled as a labor historian to say to the delegates that there was nothing —nothing at all—in the history of trade-unionism to compare with what Solidarity had done for a people at the end of its patience with servility. What I wish I had made plainer was that, in a lifetime spent much in the company of trade-unionists, I had never seen such perfection of *representativeness*, on a scale which reached to the boundaries of the nation. In the Polish motion picture *Man of Iron* there is an affecting line about the shipyard strike in Gdansk which, in August of 1980, gave birth to Solidarity. "Today," it says, "the shipyard is Poland." Now, in considering what the world might do for Polish freedom, we should begin with the proposition that Solidarity was Poland on its feet. That, in my view, could become the most important fact in European history since 1945.

It is easy for a Westerner to romanticize about such things at a safe distance or with a respected passport; but we all were, I think, in the presence of a historic grace and fortitude.

I am an honorary member of a branch of Solidarity located in a heavily Stalinist area of socialist Poland. Early in 1981, before the headiest of Solidarity's jousting with authority, I had supper with a group of workers and listened to the sallies they directed at the Russian microphones they believed were behind the pictures of Red labor heroes on the walls; their comments, I soon discovered through a happily embarrassed lady interpreter, were not of an ecclesiastical nature. Later I walked through a plant in the same region and spent some time in scholarly appreciation of openly displayed cartoons of Stalin and Brezhnev and their Polish apologists which would have brought virgin blushes to the editor of *Hustler* magazine.

The ribaldry was costly. The worker responsible for the

Mr. Hutchinson, a professor of industrial relations at the Graduate School of Management at UCLA, is at present a Visiting Member at the London School of Economics.



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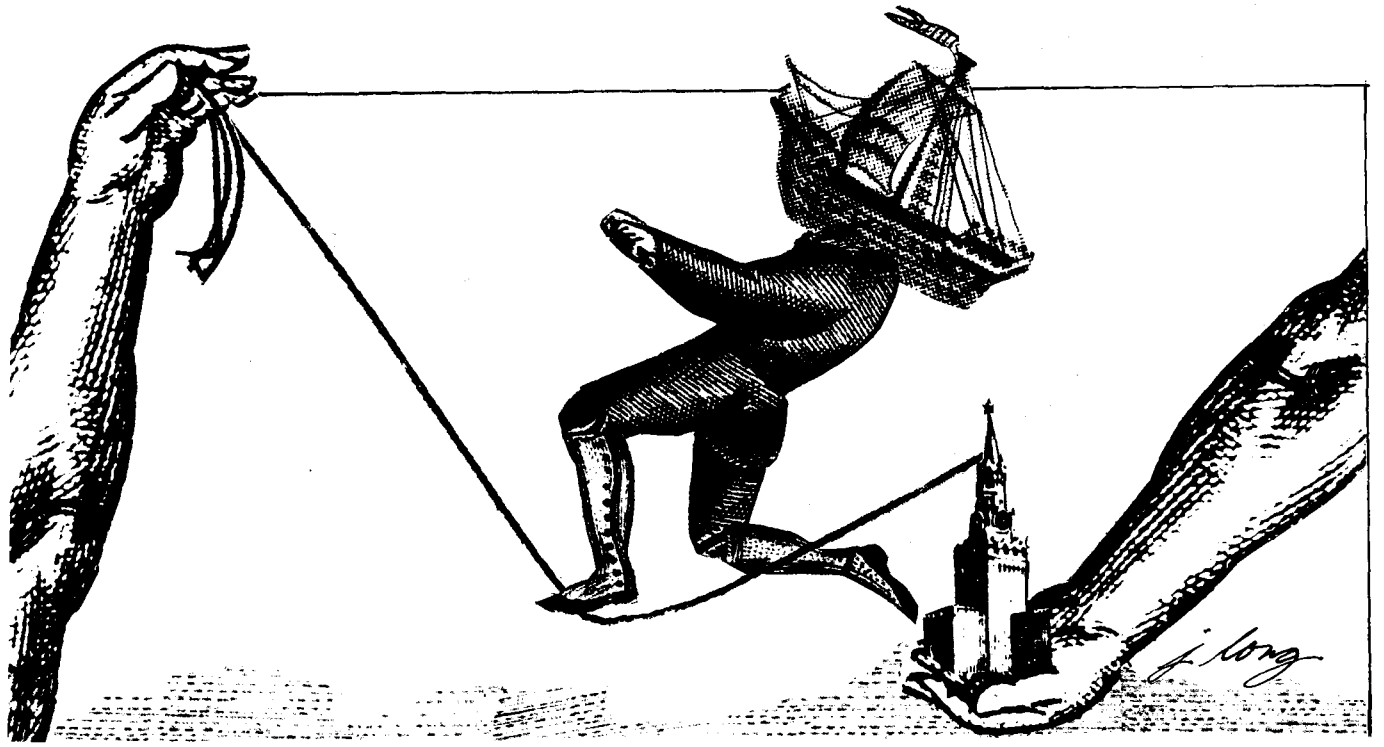

posting of the cartoons, according to a list I saw early in March, has been sentenced to six and a half years in jail. That was one of the lighter penalties. I stayed overnight with the president of a Solidarity branch, who, after breakfast, drew aside the kitchen window curtain to point out the car of the political police which had been there all night and which followed us every day; the point was that, two months before, my host had been told by the secret police that when conditions returned to normal he would be shot. Yet he did not seem to care, and he led me down to the sidewalk where he took a close and disrespectful look at the lurking gumshoes. He is still alive, but some of his brethren are not.

In another city we visited the courtyard of a Solidarity building where still-illegal political materials were being unloaded and sorted for distribution by young activists with all the furtiveness of an American Labor Day parade, while at the Congress in Gdansk some of the delegates painted huge anti-government slogans on the ground, sometimes asking the watching police to move out of the way. There seemed to be no end to the happy defiance, no limit to the gall of citizens breaking free, no thought—least of all in Gdansk, where the probing military patrols had already begun—of the price that might have to be paid.

The examples were legion but with a central message. What Solidarity brought to every waking hour was the spectacle of the joy—the *joy*—of citizens in the exercise of freedom, even as the threats began to multiply in the autumn, even when it had become a game to tail the military scout-cars cruising the back streets, even during the Congress, when December was now the bruited month for confrontation.

I have been to many trade-union conventions, but never to anything like the founding Congress of Solidarity in Gdansk. In the Mass for the delegates every morning in the hall, in the passionate singing of the national anthem before the formal business began, in the earnest and often scholarly debate on the floor and long into the night in the hostels up the road on the means for the salvation of Poland, there was a feeling of sacrament and patriotism and high trade-union purpose, a sense that in giving birth to Solidarity the workers of Poland had founded a trinity of their faith and their nation and their organization. That week, surely, the convention hall was Poland. It must have been like that in Philadelphia, in 1787.

That enormous mood of self-respect and public commitment should inform everything the world might say or do about Poland, because it is the stuff of nationhood, and of insurrection with nationhood denied. We must not presume to urge the Poles into dangers we will not share; but it seems to me most doubtful that the Polish exaltation during the short and happy open life of Solidarity can be contained —not even by the harshest means of the generals and Stalinists of Polish socialism, nor even by the Red Army, least of all if the Russians cross the Polish border in unison with their even more reviled East German cronies. For there is a companion to the recent intensity of joy, and it is an intensity of hatred—most obvious and least controllable among the Polish young—for what is now quite likely the most unrepresentative system of government on earth, kept in residence like a jaded whore by a pair of Red imperial pimps.

The resistance is organizing. A week after the military coup on December 13 an underground Solidarity leaflet was advising workers to talk dumb with the police, to work slowly and leave the dirty jobs to commissars and finks, to stick religiously to the most idiotic orders, to demand all instructions in writing so as to drive the bosses crazy, and to take as much compassionate leave as possible.

On January 13 a meeting was held of the most senior Solidarity officials at large, who formed the All-Polish Resistance Committee of the Independent Self-Governing Trade Union Solidarity, demanding an end to the official state of war, the restoration of Solidarity to freedom and legality, the release of all prisoners, and negotiations between the Polish government on the one hand and Lech Walesa and the Solidarity Presidium on the other. A cell structure has been formed, based on groups of four, and unsurprisingly is not much reported. Recruits are warned of a "difficult road, which has to be endured alone and in con-

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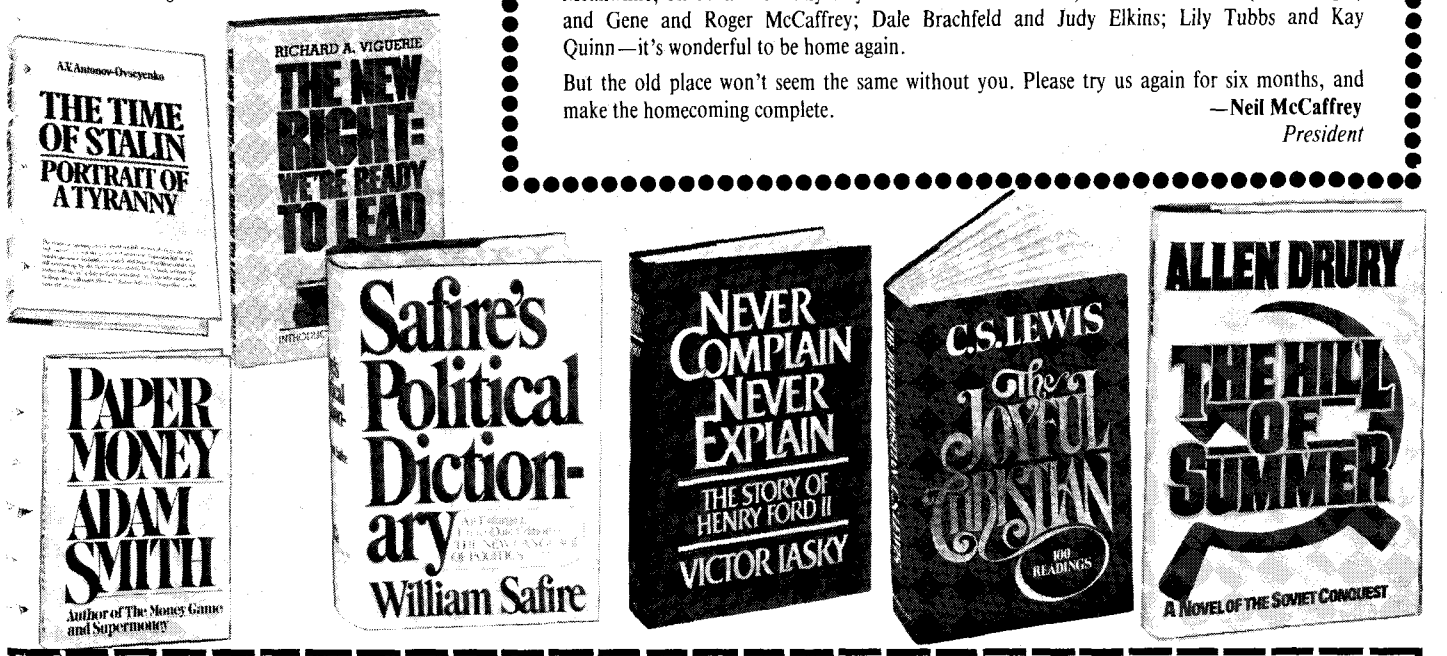
Meanwhile, on behalf of many of your old friends—Marvin; Maureen and Neil (the Younger) and Gene and Roger McCaffrey; Dale Brachfeld and Judy Elkins; Lily Tubbs and Kay Quinn—it's wonderful to be home again.

But the old place won't seem the same without you. Please try us again for six months, and make the homecoming complete.

—Neil McCaffrey
President



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cealment, in the name of one's own dignity and that of humanity."

The resistance has mostly been passive. Messages smuggled out tell of defiant speech and patriotic songs by imprisoned Solidarity leaders subjected to gross intimidation and humiliation on concentration-camp diets in crowded and unheated cells amid the aromas of impeded sanitation. When classes resumed in March at Warsaw University there was a new course entitled "Introduction to Martial Law" given by an army officer; most of the students ate or talked or knitted during the first lecture, and when the instructor asked for questions only one student responded: "When," he asked, "can we go outside for a smoke?" Shortly afterward a leading member of the Warsaw faculty risked his tenure and his freedom by telling a British reporter that student sentiment, whatever its complexities before December 13, had turned into a universal hatred for the Polish government.

Now there is talk of violence in summer weather. One does not know what weight to give to that; but it did not take long last year in the unmicrophoned cafés and corridors of Poland to be told what forms the modern technology of dissent might allow a nation's protest to take. If you remember that most Polish soldiers are conscripts from

If we do not soon produce a formula for Polish freedom wed to European peace, we had better reckon on the possibility that the Polish question, now as in 1939, will tear Europe apart

Solidarity homes; that most of the recent repressive measures have been administered by the political police and not the army; and that almost everything an insurrectionist needs is purchasable and portable—then we can set few limits to the weaponry and methods of dislocation.

What should we do? The time for successful intercession might be short. If we do not soon produce a formula for Polish freedom wed to European peace, we had better reckon on the possibility that the Polish question, now as in 1939, will tear the European system apart.

There are three sets of problems: the incompetence of the Polish economy; the Russian exercise of a property right over Eastern Europe; and the international interest in a security system which will restore the sovereignty of nations, protect them all against a German militarist revival, and diminish the risk of nuclear war. There is a tendency, in the United States, to engage in big shoulder pronouncements about European wars; there is a tendency in Western Europe, in eerie echoes of Munich, to ignore the fact of Soviet empire and to talk about pipelines and trade and solvent banks. They are, in combination with a distaste for Polish volatility, a triple futility.

When they ask me if I am a socialist, said the old Polish scholar, I say yes. When they ask me what is socialism, I say I don't know. The Russians destroyed socialism, and imposed on us a perverted system which is bleeding us to death. We have to change it by privatizing what we can and putting the price system to work. I know there are limits, but unless we open up the system we are going to starve.

Poland is approaching catastrophe. It owes the West some 27 billion wasted dollars. Its industry operates at between 30 and 40 per cent of capacity with production falling. Prices have recently doubled. Despite some recent increases in basic food supplies, standing in line is a major national occupation. Some observers predict an early fall of 50 per cent in Western imports, of 20 per cent in national income and 25 per cent in real wages, and a slide into real impoverishment. The economy is of course in state hands outside of the smaller farms, and, through a Russian-imposed licensing system for parts and supplies, is hogtied to the Eastern European economic bloc. It is a hostage economy, probably beyond redemption without Western help. Hunger might yet prompt the insurrection.

By last September the economic advisors to Solidarity had prepared a program for economic recovery which I tried to summarize in the *Times* of London, December 29.

There are several versions of the program, elements of which the Polish government seemed ready to discuss, but the general principles are simple: the retention of basic industry in public hands, although freed by shopfloor elections from *Nomenklatur*, the system whereby the Communist Party appoints the principal industrial managers; the privatization of light industry and the service trades; a massive transfer of resources from state farms to private farms except in large-scale wheat production; and the graduated introduction of price competition throughout the economy. The Solidarity advisors believed there was enough unused private saving in Poland to finance the proposed privatization, and suggested the establishment of a Western-financed and Western-supervised development fund of some $4 or $5 billion to buy essential parts and materials from the hard-currency areas to restart the economy from approved foundations. I suggested in the *Times* that the fund be provided if an agreed program were adopted and if, among other reforms, there was a Trade Union Bill of Rights and Solidarity participation in the regeneration of the country. The proposal was forwarded in letter form to General Jaruzelski but brought no evident response anywhere, perhaps because alone it was irrelevant.

It is interesting, the British diplomat said, to discuss the various ideas for aid cuts and travel restrictions and grain embargoes and even loan defaults; but the real issue is the Red Army.

The status quo in Europe hinges on three measures: the Yalta Agreement of 1945, the Brezhnev Doctrine, and what might be described (or mislabeled) as the Sonnenfeldt Concession. The Yalta Agreement, which has no treaty force, subsumed the primacy of Russian interests in Eastern Europe but promised free elections there; the Soviet Union enforced the first and forbade the second. What is called the Brezhnev Doctrine but is in fact updated Stalinism affirms the right of Russia to intervene in its partner states to preserve their socialism; it has been applied directly in

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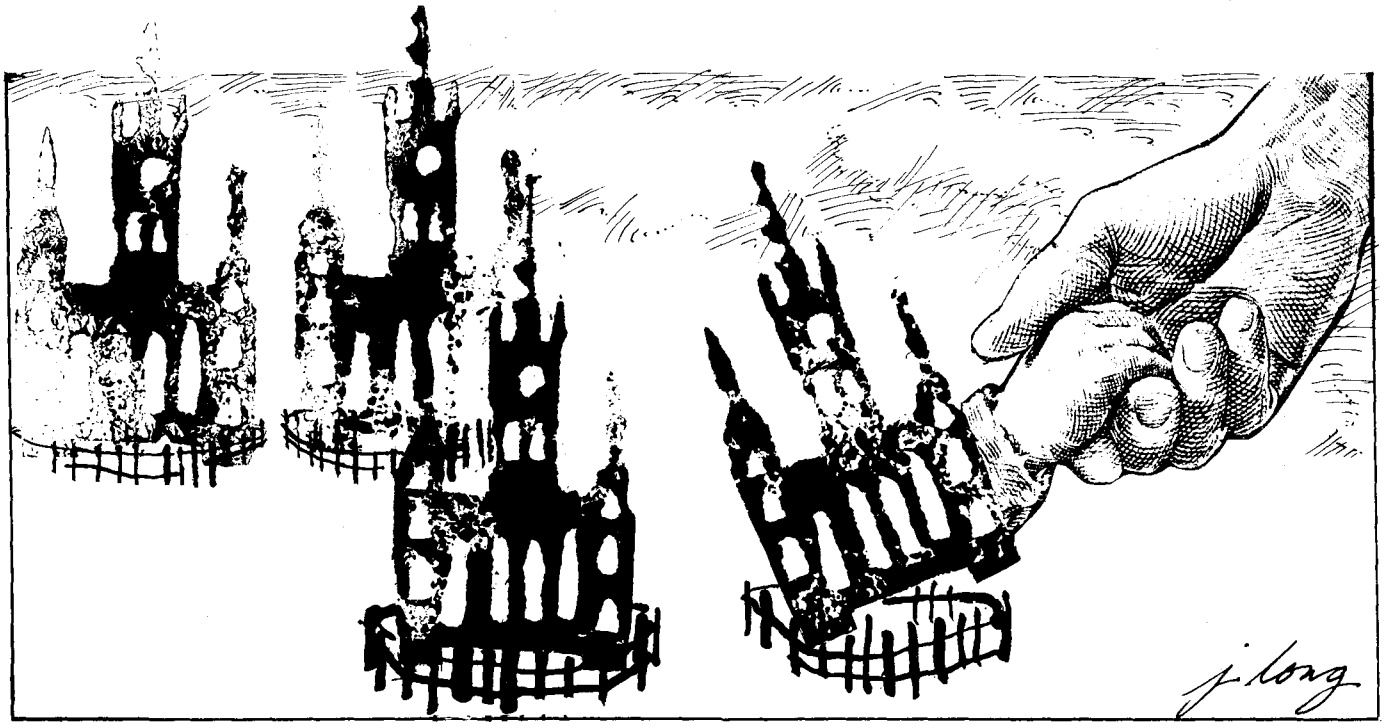

East Germany and Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and indirectly—or not so overtly—in Poland. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Henry Kissinger's deputy in 1976, has been both proclaimed and disputed as the carrier of the notion that Eastern Europe should be regarded as a Russian "sphere of interest" and thus subject to special dominion; in any event American policy on the matter awaits a modern clarification. None of the three principles is compatible with Polish freedom or even European peace.

How can they be voided? I have spent much of 1982 talking with Western political and military specialists on European and especially Polish affairs. There is near-uniformity in what they say, at least to an audience of one: that the prospect for Poland is explosive and might be lethal to European peace; that the present system of European security is dying and should be replaced; that the emerging generations of Europe and America will accept neither NATO nor the Warsaw Pact nor the division of Germany nor the divine right of Russia over Eastern Europe nor the nuclear cloud as the natural or permanent order of things; that a revision of the treaty map of Europe is necessary if peace is not to be at the price of further Soviet hegemony; that only American leadership can point the way; but that few will care in time to question the old order or prescribe the new, even as Poland smolders.

There are two strategic requirements: to deter the Red Army in the short run, and to make its imperial employment both impractical and unnecessary in the long. The solution to the first must be primarily economic, to the second mainly military. It is largely a matter of Western banks and Eastern tanks.

If Poland takes fire in some fine weather, nothing is likely to stop the intervention of the Red Army except the certainty of a crippling blow to the economies of the Eastern bloc.

The West is deeply divided on sanctions. In December the United States suspended the issuance of export licenses for a number of technical goods and postponed negotiations on grain and maritime matters. Britain has followed suit in lower key. France and Germany, on the other hand, have affirmed with other nations their intent to proceed with the natural-gas pipeline from the Soviet Union to Western Europe (it might in time supply one-third of France's needs in natural gas), while the EEC has contented itself with restrictions on a few exports, notably grand pianos and caviar. In the event of European hostilities, no doubt, we must brace ourselves for a ban on the Bolshoi Ballet.

The pipeline itself seems about as safe a bet as the Western loans. It will run from the Soviet Union through Czechoslovakia (not by the shorter route through Poland) just south of the Polish border along the Tatra mountains into Germany and Austria and France. It will bring huge revenues to the Soviet Union, perhaps paying for its entire import of grain; but it will also be vulnerable in a time of rising European tempers over sovereignty and security, certain to excite the talents of patriotic saboteurs. It might better be left, as a matter of banking prudence and general Western bargaining policy, until it can fit into a grander and safer European design.

There is another matter, however, on which the United States need not wait on Western unity: a declaration of loan default. Eastern Europe owes the West some $80 billion, rising to perhaps $140 billion by 1985 on present forecasts. Much of that money was carelessly lent to hopeless socialist enterprises by Western banks now anxious to get their money back; the Western banking system, as the London *Economist* has pointed out, was in some sense the creator of Solidarity—and its executioner. As on sanctions, there is no Western unanimity on default except that most of the West would have to follow an American lead. An American declaration of default would bring about what *The Economist* calls "a containable ripple of bankruptcies" in the West, but far more serious consequences for the East, at least in the longer run. It would eventually effect, *The Economist* says, the "economic amputation of Russia's empire. . . . Every Russian rifle will end up turned on its own peoples, every Russian tank will cost one thousand fertilized acres of grainfield to make, and any Russian adventure abroad will eventually stretch its resources beyond what is possible." Whatever the debate on degree, the cost

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help !!!!

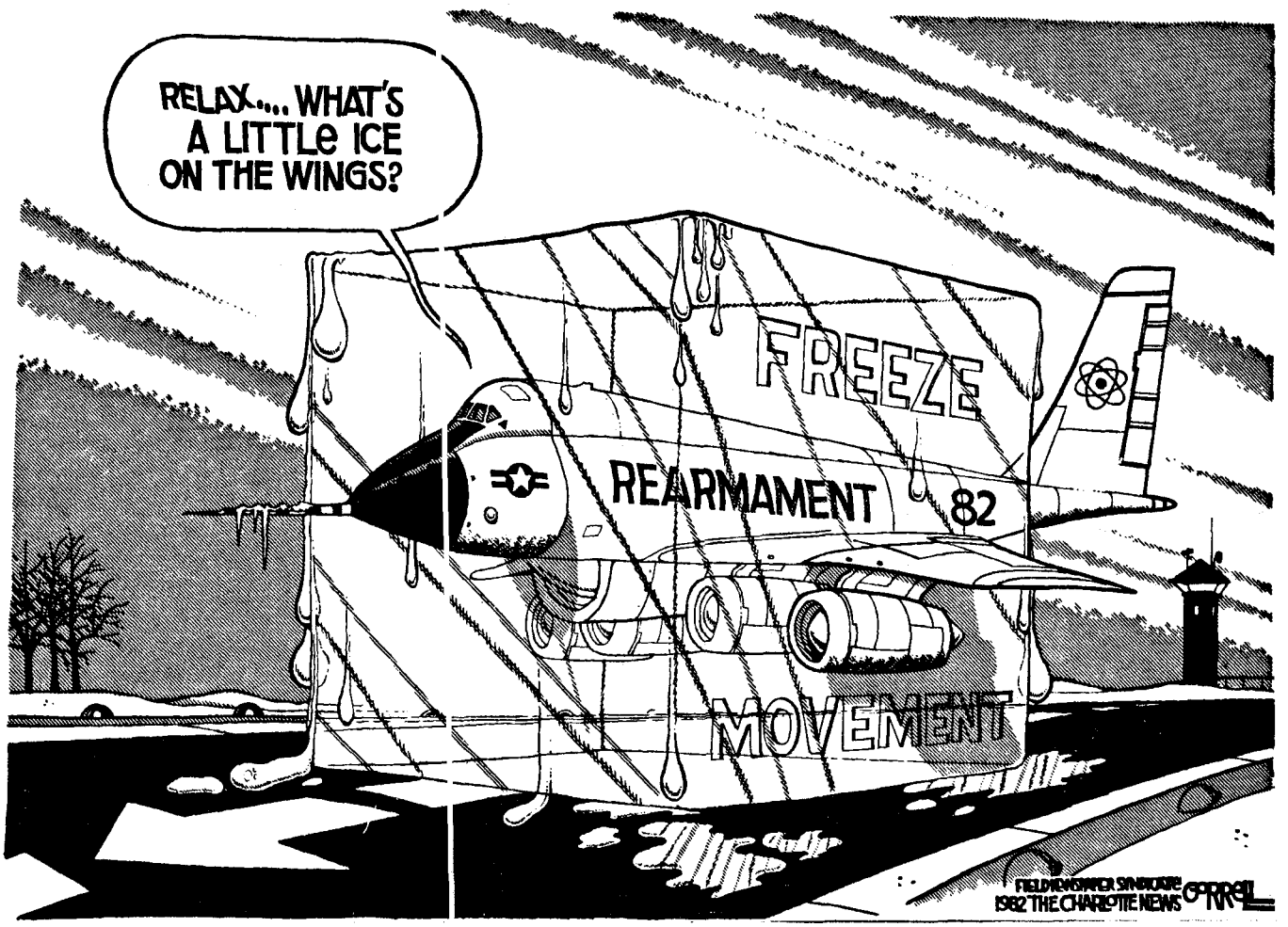
What, Again?

I shall not read *Jane Eyre* again
  Or watch *Gone with the Wind*,
Nor shall I sing "Stout-Hearted Men"
  Or see how Garbo sinned.
Three times or four are quite enough;
  I've got to call it quits.
If, once more, Teddy does his stuff,
  You'll find me throwing fits.

W. H. von Dreele

Ross Rothco

"Ever have one of those days where you don't give a damn what's *deductible?"*



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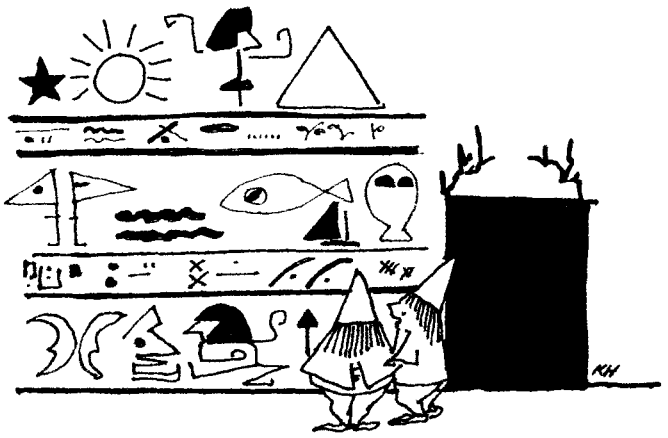

"Probably regulations regulating deregulation."

"Okara, what's this I hear about you buying a Chrysler?"

CONGRESSMAN, EH?... SO YOU'RE THE CLOWN WHO'S BEEN FLUSHIN' MY TAX BUCKS DOWN THE TUBES!!
I SEE YOU VOTED FOR ANOTHER FAT PAY RAISE FOR YOURSELF...
WELL, WELL!... IS IT ELECTION TIME AGAIN? I GUESS YOU WANNA RAISE MY TAXES AGAIN TOO...
I HEAR YOU LIZARDS VOTED A SWEET TAX BREAK FOR YERSELVES!!
GOT ANY GOOD PROGRAMS OR TAX LOOPHOLES FOR US WORKING STIFFS?
My constituents tell me they are deeply concerned about the deficit and the tight money policy of the Federal Reserve...
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune

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to the Soviet Union would be disastrous. The United States should therefore declare its readiness to amputate, should the Soviet Union invade Poland or further mutilate its sovereignty. Every Solidarity source I know would support such action. If certain, it might deter.

But that would avoid only occupation, and only for Poland. The system—Soviet hegemony and the Warsaw Pact—would remain. The further and more fundamental issue is an alternative system of European security which would liberate the vassal states, satisfy the reasonable security demands of both East and West, and help to lift the shadow of the bomb.

The Soviet justification or excuse for its property right over Poland is that Russian security against German militarism requires Russian access through Poland to the western border of East Germany. The organic danger is that the Germans might not always tolerate moral quarantine by partition to satisfy Russian interests. The more immediate danger is that it is precisely the presence of overwhelming numbers of Russian tanks on the internal German border that provides the greatest provocation to the nuclear exchange that is fast becoming a revolutionary apprehension in both Western *and* Eastern Europe. *Remove all foreign tanks, both American and Russian, from Central Europe, and we might remove the single greatest obstacle to European peace and freedom.*

Remove all foreign tanks, both American and Russian, from Central Europe, and we might remove the single greatest obstacle to European peace and freedom

The notion seems to have a quiet currency in Western Europe. "One has to acknowledge," I was told on March 23 by Colonel Jonathan Alford of the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, "the difficulty of gaining agreement to pull back the tanks. That, after all, is what the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction talks in Vienna have been striving unsuccessfully to achieve for seven years. Moreover, tanks removed to the USSR remain a potential threat to Western Europe. Nevertheless, the removal of large numbers of tanks from Central Europe would, at a stroke, remove the most potent and threatening offensive element from the deployed military forces of both sides and serve dramatically to reduce the tensions in Central Europe."

What then? The purpose of "detanking" would be to reduce the propensity to annihilate; the problem is to eliminate it, in the context of a liberated Central Europe.

The cupboards of Europe are jammed with old proposals for European disarmament or denuclearization. The present debates on nuclear arms control have a somnolence about them, since nobody seems to believe that nuclear proliferation is the chief problem, but rather the absence of a conventional stand-off. "If you want nuclear peace," General Sir John Hackett, a former deputy commander of NATO and another distinguished soldier-scholar, told me on March 26, "you must prepare for non-nuclear war . . . [for] an adequate level of conventional defense." What lacks in the van is a sense of alternative direction, a perception of redistributed protections, a map for free Europe.

The United States should declare for a Europe of the sovereign states of 1939, give or take a shifted boundary or two; for munificent aid to a Poland prepared to unite its people in free and productive labor; for neither lending to nor trafficking with an Eastern Europe in Russian chains; for the clearing of all foreign tanks from Central Europe to the French and Soviet borders; for an East-West military arrangement with headquarters in a unified Berlin, and with a country-by-country joint distribution of contingents prohibitive of the domination of Central Europe by any state or sectional alliance; and for free elections in Eastern Europe.

It is easy to count the problems, but what might count most of all is clarity of purpose. With that, old problems might be seen in a changing light. It is not certain that France would agree to act as host to the main body of American troops on the mainland; but de Gaulle is dead, and President Mitterrand has shown conspicuous interest in a revised French role in Western defense. All the world's old will mutter apprehensions about German reunification; but better talk of that, under continental auspices, than the noise of moving tanks and cruising missiles. It is most unlikely that the Soviet Union will agree *ab initio* with any of the above proposals, but it has made similar suggestions of its own in the past; it will have the task of confuting some of its own arguments, and in any case of dealing with the logic of secure disengagement and the impatience of satrapies exhausted by the Soviet imperial embrace, especially if the dollars stop.

What is crucial, in a now mercurial Europe, is to declare a destination. What is certain is that old ways are eroding, and with them old protections against the armies of the East. What is likely is that the questioning of old assumptions will disturb both friends and enemies; but what is possible, at least, is that the by-products of the debate will exceed all expectations. The unimagined stations on the way might be just as secure or acceptable as the pictured haven. What is important is to begin.

But if we do not? The Poles wait for signs of hope from the West; the May Day demonstrations give us warning of their sorrows. The emissaries abroad from Solidarity all fear for their country as it sinks into imprisoned poverty. The cost of our neglect of their concerns might put all Europe to the torch.

I asked the colonel what the Polish army should do if overcome by the Warsaw Pact divisions. It should self-liquidate, he said, and take its weapons home.

In the courtyard in Cracow, where the effervescent young were sorting out the illegal pamphlets and posters for distribution, where the spirit of Solidarity seemed most alive of all, with one's emotions so hard to control at the sight of it, I asked the man from Solidarity what it would cost the Russians to invade.

Ten years, he said, and a million men.

Niech Bog Blogoslawi Polske i Solidarnosc. God bless Poland and Solidarity. □

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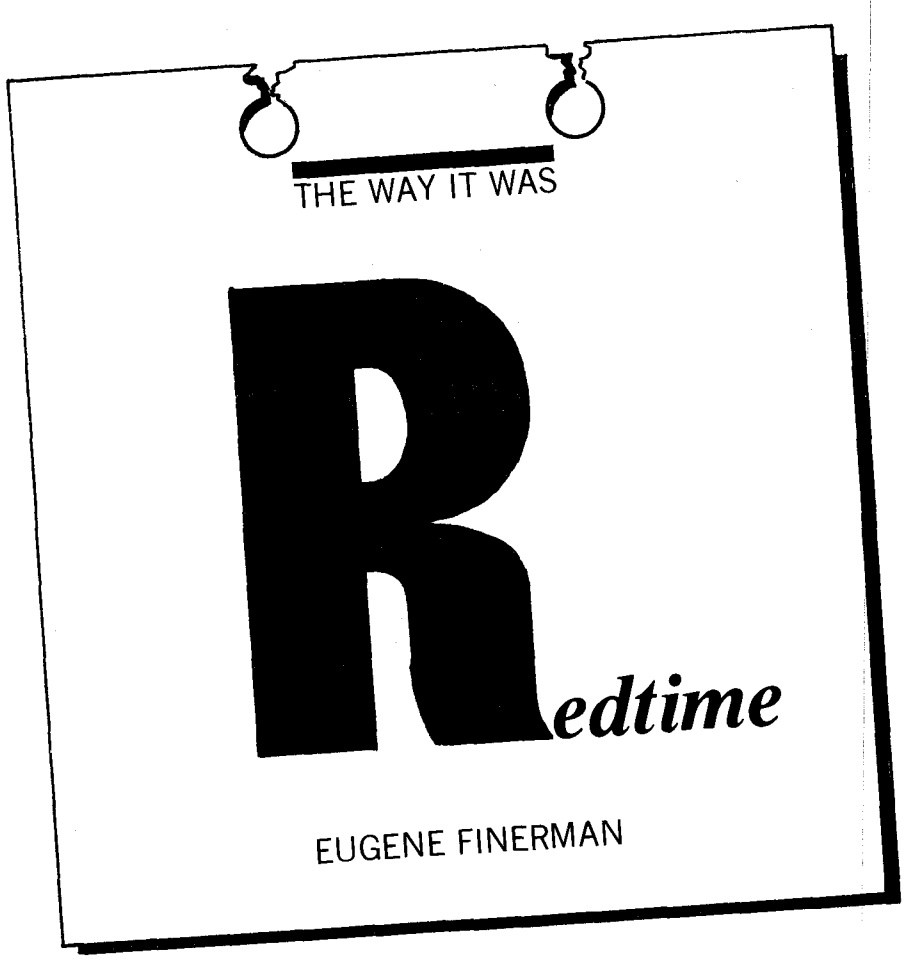

I. London: 1913

It was not the best time to crave Chinese food. The restaurant was so crowded that two strangers found themselves forced to share a table. Passing the soy sauce made an introduction inevitable.

"I'm Sigmund Freud."

"I'm Leon Trotsky."

Of the two, Freud was the more awed; he thought the Russian had said Tolstoy. Trotsky was not particularly impressed by the "bourgeois mesmerist" but he tried not to be rude. There was always the chance the doctor would pick up both checks.

"Had any interesting dreams lately?" It was the only way Freud could start a conversation.

Out of courtesy, Trotsky tried feigning an Oedipal complex. Freud was not deceived.

"Young man, I invented that complex and I can tell a psychochondriac from the real thing. Now, what do you really dream?"

"Of a proletarian revolution. It would be your standard Communist affair: dissolution of class distinctions, abolition of all personal property, and lots of getting even."

"You're a manic-suppressive," Freud concluded. "You use totalitarianism to overcome your shyness. Back home, I know a young art student with a similar tendency. If you're ever in Vienna, I'll try to get you into group therapy with Adolf."

II. Zurich: 1917

Everyone has a hobby; Lenin's was collecting the stamps from his rejection letters. The collection had become quite extensive. No country or corporation seemed willing to take Lenin up on his offer:

> Dear Comrades.
>
> If you provide me with the money for a revolution, I will rename Petrograd in your honor . . .

One afternoon, however, Lenin's cutting, pasting, and self-pitying were interrupted by a knock on the door. Awaiting him was a dark little man who asked, "Do you have any bugs?"

"No, comrade."

"Then, I'll have a glass of water, instead. Don't mind my coming in uninvited; it's never stopped a German before. I have a message for you. Kaiser Wilhelm thinks your idea is wonderful. Everyone else thinks you're crazy. That's why they sent me: I'm Franz Kafka.

"I'm here to invite you and forty of your closest conspirators to an all-expenses-paid Russian Revolution. Of course, we'd be delighted if you sent us a few postcards but we'd also like the Ukraine, the Baltic states, and all mineral rights in Siberia."

Lenin did not want to seem petty. After all, what was a million square miles to Russia? As a Communist, Lenin had no objection to giving away something he did not own, but as a lawyer he felt an obligation to haggle.

"Comrade Kafka, that's a little steep."

"Not compared to what the Japanese would want. Besides, we have no intention of keeping anything. Let me explain. I'm the Kaiser's accountant and I'm doing his tax return. Now, I've already deducted the world war as a loss, but that still leaves him in too high a bracket. If we had all this Russian property, we could return it to you and deduct it as a charitable contribution. We get the write-off, and Russia keeps its land and wealth for whatever ulterior purpose you have in mind."

"That's very generous."

"Call us sentimental, but we feel that someone has to threaten Western civilization, and, if it can't be Germany, it might as well be you. Have you given much thought to your dictatorship of the proletariat?"

"Not really."

"Good," Kafka gloated, "because I have. You ought to create a vast dehumanizing society, where everyone is a prisoner, where you're put on trial without ever knowing what the crime is."

"It sounds ideal for Russia's climate."

"Here's a manuscript of my fantasies. I was thinking of it as a novel, but I realize, Herr Lenin, that you could put it to better use as a constitution."

III. Petrograd: 1917

Aleksandr Kerensky was setting up

Mr. Finerman was educated at Illinois and Northwestern Universities in the "liberal and impractical" arts. This article, he says, is the "first use that I have found for my degrees in history and journalism."

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the chess board when Lenin came into the room.

"Lenny, do you want the black or the white pieces?"

"It doesn't matter, Al. We're all pawns, anyway. I suppose you know the Bolsheviks are going to storm the Winter Palace and seize control of Russia."

"I've seen the ads in the newspaper."

"These theatrics aren't my idea. John Reed's the media consultant. He says I can't get absolute power without absolute publicity. If the French went around singing 'La Marseillaise,' we couldn't disappoint the reporters by not having a song of our own.

"Mind you, not just any revolutionary ditty would do. Reed had to test-market them all. Imagine five hundred peasants and workers being herded into an auditorium to determine whether they prefer 'The Internationale,' 'I Got Plenty of Nuttin',' or 'Anything Goes'!

"And we couldn't let the French get away with a media coup like storming the Bastille. So Reed has chartered a battleship to sail into downtown Petrograd and fire at the Winter Palace. Then ten thousand Bolshevik extras, waving red banners and praising dialectical materialism, will seize the place. Afterward, there'll be the usual buffet supper and open bar for the press."

"Sounds exciting, Lenny."

"Reed's not satisfied. He says the Bolsheviks lack charisma. I've had several memos about getting a toupee. And now Reed's decided we won't use real Communists to storm the Winter Palace. It seems they just don't convey the innocence and waiflike charm that Reed wants in a proletarian. We're auditioning actors, instead. Could you have your friend Stanislavsky send over some of his students to topple the government?"

"Sure. It'll be a nice change of pace from Chekhov."

"Now, Al, you mustn't tell your guards our little secret. They probably wouldn't fire on a bunch of actors, and we need the casualties for the dramatic effect."

"I don't have any guards."

"There's no one to defend democracy in Russia?"

"Oh, maybe at a cocktail party, but you know how Russian liberals are. All they can do is write novels. Their idea of defense against a Bolshevik onslaught would be to make a sarcastic remark in French."

"Al, I'm sending over a couple of regiments of Red Guards to portray your troops. Unfortunately, for our media purposes, they can't be photogenic."

"Doesn't matter to me. All I want out of this revolution is sympathy and a job at an American university. You can do me a favor, though."

"A letter of recommendation?"

"That'd be nice, too, but I really want to know why I failed. For centuries Russia's been oppressed. First the Mongols, and then the Czars. Finally, the democrats gained power, established civil liberty, and after six months we're being overthrown by popular demand."

"Al, civil liberty means nothing to Russia. What is freedom of the press to a nation of illiterates? What is freedom of speech to people who won't open their mouths for fear of frostbite? Russians want only one thing from their government, but it is essential to them. It's their very reason for living. The Mongols gave it to them, the Czars gave it to them, we'll give it to them, but democracy never could."

"What is it?"

"An excuse to drink."

IV. Moscow: 1920

The disease was either typhus or typhoid. It did not matter to the Russian doctors, since they treated both with leeches. Soon, it did not matter to John Reed either.

Lenin ordered that Reed be given a state funeral, despite Armand Hammer's advice to sell the body to a medical school. At the ceremony, a 17-gun salute was fired at political prisoners. Trotsky gave so moving a eulogy that Soviet historians now claim Lenin said it.

"Yes, John Reed is gone," Trotsky thundered, "but the death of one man cannot stop an idea."

"Really?" thought Josef Stalin. "I wonder how many deaths it would take." □

"Inflation does hurt everyone!"

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THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

Rallying the Troops

LINDA BRIDGES

THE NEATLY scripted note on the blackboard read: "The Chicago Society is meeting in Philadelphia." Rumor had it that that was merely a disinformation ploy by conservatives' favorite propagandist, Phil Nicolaides; but be that as it may, it was indubitably true that the *Philadelphia* Society was meeting in *Chicago*, as it has ever since 1965, under the benevolent direction of Don and Norma Lipsett.

The official theme of this year's meeting was "Changes in the Intellectual Environment since World War II," but it was actually a very specific portion of the postwar period that many of those present wished to concentrate on: the period beginning November 4, 1980.

There were strong echoes here of last year's meeting, at which the general mood could best be described as a mixture of jubilation and disappointment: Our man's in the White House, he knows what the issues are—but when are we going to get in *gear*? Much of the unofficial talk this year was along the same lines: The President needs to restore confidence in the economy (but—a brighter note—if he and Fed Chairman Paul Volcker hold firm, they just might pull it off). He ought to sack some of the uncommitted members of his Administration. Why haven't our people in Washington established connections with one another?—we need a conservative Perle Mesta!

Bill Buckley took up this theme formally at the Friday night dinner session with a grim, exalted picture of the dangers ahead. The President of the United States is popularly believed to be the most powerful man in the world; but how much, really, can he do, presiding over a free society, and forced to work through Congress, the courts, and an entrenched Executive bureaucracy? Can he, working under such constraints, "appease conservative appetites"? The answer is: "Only in part." Well, then, has he done so? "Only in part."

Mr. Buckley, paraphrasing an article by Hadley Arkes (the cover story in this issue), pointed out that "certain principles should have been asserted without any reference to their instrumental effectiveness." This is not to say that conservatives should disdain pragmatic arguments—in fields such as taxation the pragmatic arguments can carry great weight. But for the most pragmatic of reasons, one cannot use only pragmatic arguments. Congressmen will not risk the parliamentary version of battle, murder, and sudden death for a set of statistics. Still less will our citizenry face the literal version of those evils without a resounding understanding of the difference between slavery and freedom. "We have not given *breath* . . . to the distinction between life in our system, with all its shortcomings, and life under Gulag"—thus depriving ourselves of our most powerful argument on the major issue of the season: nuclear war.

"My own private conclusion," said Mr. Buckley, "is that the most effective deterrent in our arsenal is not our Minuteman or our cruise missiles, but Ronald Reagan himself." President Reagan long ago made it clear that certain things would not be permitted, whatever the cost of preventing them—for "Conservatism cannot retreat from its animating proposition, that some things are worth dying for." The pacifists argue in turn that "it is not worth dying for nothing, which is what would be left in the event of a nuclear exchange." But if it should ever come to that, "we would not then have died for nothing, because it is better than nothing, to rid the world of such monsters as would unleash such a war." Ronald Reagan knows this. "But he terribly needs our help, because it is charted more exactly than the next eclipse of the sun, that the great tidal wave of pacifism is about to hit us." But it need not prevail—"so long as such as you live, work, and contend. . . . And then, I think, it will once again have become safe to speak of 'generations of Americans yet unborn,' who, experiencing liberty, will be grateful that, at the threatened nightfall, the blood of their forefathers ran strong."

The next morning—while those who had been either partying in, or trying to sleep in rooms anywhere near, Room 724 (the noise from which greatly resembled that threatened nuclear holocaust) straggled into the meeting room—Arnold Beichman and Richard Bishirjian focused the discussion on the specific field of "Culture and Politics."

For Mr. Beichman, our great failing has been not forcing the Marxists in our midst to acknowledge their parentage, and their kinship. The results of the "socialist experiment" behind the Iron Curtain ought to have made life very difficult indeed for those who wish to keep their far-Left faith. Instead, they simply call themselves Marxists rather than Communists, describe economic disasters as "humanist achievements," and say that the failures of the Soviet Union don't reflect upon *true* Marxism. And we let them get away with it!

Now, where we ought to be hammering away at this is on the Voice of America. But, as a British friend told Mr. Beichman, such is the state of VOA today (see also *NR*, April 30) that "America's standing abroad would be greatly enhanced if the Voice of America were abolished."

The West in Danger

But the illness of VOA, said Richard Bishirjian, is just a symptom of the disease afflicting our cultural diplomacy as a whole. Many of those who speak for us abroad have jettisoned "the reality of national culture" for "the unreality of worldwide international culture." Under the illusion that "greater understanding on liberal internationalist grounds will lead to peace," these cultural diplomatists have worked hard to undermine "our historical consciousness of ourselves as a people."

Many of our problems in the world today stem from our failure to act on those principles that form our raison d'être as a nation. For example, we feel let down by our allies over the natural-gas pipeline to Siberia, European hesitation over deployment of the Pershing and cruise missiles, French arms to Nicaragua; and yet, our government failed to provide leadership—and failed to uphold our own principles—by not declaring the puppet regime in Poland in default.

There are many other things, said Midge Decter in her luncheon speech, "Is the West in Danger?" that the Ad-

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ministration should have been doing that it hasn't, and "our disappointment is in inverse ratio to our high hopes—the first in a decade—of a year ago." But there's one thing that it can do very little about; and that one thing is, tragically, at the root of our malaise. It's a habit of mind, represented by "a simple, deadly, corrosive question . . . 'So what?' ": So the most meretricious plays and movies are widely praised. So the inhabitants of X country have freedom while those of Y country do not. So all our advantages vis-à-vis the Soviet Union are negotiated away. "So what? Is that not the way the world works?"

Arming Our Enemy

One consequence of "So what?" is the substitution of "the idea of group or class interest" for "the idea of merit"—as in affirmative action. This is not a matter of justice and injustice—it is "cynicism pure and simple." But what does this have to do with the danger the West is in—with SS-20s, Soviet propaganda, and our allies' fears? "The answer is: everything. Those Soviet missiles, ships, and lies are all being armed in deadly fashion by our decay."

This is nowhere more evident than in the new pacifism. On a recent visit to an Ivy League campus, Miss Decter saw a young man wearing a shirt emblazoned with the legend: THERE IS NOTHING WORTH DYING FOR. Her sorrow was matched by her anger: "We desperately do not wish for him to die. . . . But he who says there is nothing worth dying for says there is nothing worth living for."

But how do we *know* what is worth living for? Well, we were told in the next session, the science of sociobiology offers some answers. We might start off, said Jack Hirshleifer, by asking: How socially malleable are human beings?

Even socialists can't help noticing, for example, "that men and women do not thrive under socialism." They claim, however, that "the problem is that man has been corrupted by centuries of capitalist indoctrination," and that this "capitalist consciousness," once we recognize it, can be eradicated.

It is here that sociobiology has struck an exposed nerve, by suggesting that there is a heritable element in man's behavior. This implies that social patterns are not completely malleable, that there is such a thing as "a relatively permanent human nature." Physical, behavioral, and social characteristics have been selected through evolutionary time to serve "the reproductive self-interest" of the species.

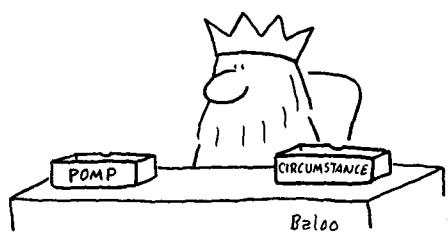
Roger Masters then applied these points directly to Midge Decter's question: We have all, he said, heard things like: " 'There is a wide range of human options . . .' 'They're all just custom . . .' Hence, 'So what?' " But sociobiology would say—as Aristotle said—that some things are "right according to nature." True, different human societies have had different values. But there is a distinction between " 'So what?' and 'In different circumstances different responses are right.' "

Now, from a conservative point of view, Mr. Masters said, some of this is rather unsettling, but it also makes it clear that an omnipotent state of the sort that desires "to control the gene pool" is "the most dangerous threat to the species."

From this rather controversial science, we moved for the last session of the afternoon to the universally recognized Dismal Science, and the question "Is Keynes Really Dead?"

William Niskanen Jr. began cautiously: Keynes is alive—but he is not well. The statement "We are all Keynesians now" was true for Nixon's generation, but among the younger generation of economists Keynes's ideas have largely been replaced by the ideas of his neoclassical forebears. And it is that younger generation, ironically enough, that was brought into power by the election of the oldest President in our history, for Reagan is "the first President since Eisenhower not captured by the Keynesian perspective."

But how much difference will this make? "Soon or late," said Keynes, "it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil." As an "idea-monger," said Niskanen, he would like to agree, but as a social scientist he is less sure. The Administration's rhetoric on economic matters has been impeccable; and yet the share of government spending, the share taken by taxes, the quantity of regulation, all continue to increase. So little done (as a man of Keynes's father's generation said), so much to do.



Lord Harris began by confessing that "as an old Cambridge man and a new lord," he came "not so much to bury Keynes as to praise him," and to recapture him from those who "take his name in vain to uphold policies that he would not have approved of, and in fact didn't."

In his last conversation with F. A. Hayek, Keynes said sadly, "I am no longer a Keynesian." He was alarmed by some of his disciples, but said that if things went too far he still had enough influence to call a halt. But things did go too far; and before he could stop them Keynes was dead. Thus "the man who said, 'In the long run we are all dead,' failed to reckon with his own mortality."

Cheer Up

However, having rescued Keynes "from the body-snatchers at Cambridge," Lord Harris said, "I feel free to assail him for his real crime"; his ideas have "turned politicians loose to spend and spend without the necessity to tax." Over the last seven centuries the general price level in Britain has increased about three hundred fold. *Ninety-six per cent* of that increase has been since 1936. Thus, although Mrs. Thatcher has been fighting inflation valiantly, she has not had very much success. Still, Lord Harris advised us: "Cheer up—things are getting worse." That is, the manifestations of collectivism "are failing nicely, and are becoming daily more vulnerable to our attack."

Normally, the Philadelphia Society would at this point have packed up and left the lovely Drake Hotel. But this year, starting a new tradition, the powers that be added an optional dinner session, on "The Media Mirage."

Ernest Lefever began with a discussion of "The Prestige Press and Foreign Policy": by the "prestige press" he meant the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, ABC, NBC, CBS, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. These organizations, he said, can still do a good job of reporting when they aren't overwhelmed by their ideological preconceptions. The Falklands set-to, for example, is being reported well, but the Salvador situation very poorly. In fact, the prestige press generally falls down spectacularly on issues of freedom—as it did on Vietnam

(Continues on page 647)

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Europe and America

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

WHATEVER is on President Reagan's agenda for his trip to Europe next month, one thing is certain: he will get a first-hand look at a phenomenon that has haunted Europe for most of this century: anti-Americanism.

To understand this phenomenon, we must first understand that, 37 years after World War II, we are still living in a postwar period. In fact, it can properly be said that ever since 1914 we have been living in a war period interrupted by armistices. It is only since 1941 that the United States and the Soviet Union have been the decisive agents in the world, but the roots of their power can be traced to 1917, the most fateful year in the twentieth century.

1917 gave birth to democracy in Russia, soon to be overthrown by the extreme wing of the Russian Social Democrats, the *Bolsheviki*. It was the demise of the Russian monarchy that prompted Woodrow Wilson to transform a war between nations into an ideological war: siding with the Russian monarchy would have been incompatible with "making the world safe for democracy," but Wilson was able to accept Kerensky enthusiastically as a "fit partner in a league of honor."

The American intervention in World War I was undertaken with the highest of motives; its consequences were all for the worst. Its immediate effect was to prolong the war by at least six months, possibly a year. Even more important in the long run were the terms of the peace. Had the war simply ground to a halt in late 1917 or early 1918 through the sheer exhaustion of the participants, we would have had a compromise peace. Instead, Wilson brought his idealistic notions with him to Paris and laid the groundwork for World War II. The American soldiers buried in Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood had indeed died in vain.

World history and geography play too small a role in American education for the average American to be historically minded. Europeans, unfortunately, still are. They look backward, while Americans are always asking, "Where do we go from here?" The majority of Europeans feel confused in the face of "politics," which is history in the making. A poll in Austria recently revealed that nine out of every ten persons are indifferent to, or disgusted by, politics, and virtually everybody claimed that international economic problems were no longer understandable. Similar polls in Germany, France, and Italy would, I believe, yield more or less the same results. Nevertheless, with the exception of the Swiss, Europeans still flock to the polls—more than 90 per cent of eligible Austrians vote in every national election. Consequently, that politician fares best who is most adept with catchwords and clichés, and it is very easy for a politician to exploit the Europeans' resentment of America, the newcomer on a world stage that had once been Europe's domain.

TRADITIONALLY, there have been two distinct types of anti-Americanism. The old "conservative" strain originated in eighteenth century England when Britain lost the War of Independence. Loyalists (on both sides of the Atlantic) sided with the Tories, and anti-American feelings assumed a rightist character. In our century, however, thanks to Marxist influences, America has come under attack from the Left as the bastion of big business and racial discrimination. And both sides, Right and Left, are united in their denunciations of America's treatment of its Indians, who to this day enjoy a mysterious prestige in Europe. Just a few weeks ago Austrian television broadcast an interview with three Indians who regaled Europeans with the plight of the red man in the United States.

The new wave of anti-Americanism in Europe didn't start until the end of Marshall Plan aid and CARE packages, and it didn't really get under way until the Sixties. The mystique of the persecuted red man was largely replaced by the mystique of the black man. To the European man-in-the-street, the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. appeared to be a black incarnation of the Great Reformer. Then, as if things weren't bad enough, racist America went to war with a small country in Southeast Asia.

While Europe gazed safely from the sidelines, the American giant was tamed by a Third World country (with invaluable assistance from a country that doesn't believe in sidelines). Almost overnight the country Europeans had once despised for its overweening pride became a country whose most pronounced characteristic was an almost palpable national masochism.

The latest excuse for anti-Americanism is El Salvador. Events in Afghanistan and nearby Poland pale to insignificance when compared to the tragedy of the oppressed people of El Salvador, where gallant, humanitarian *guerrilleros* are resisting Reagan, Wall Street, and the Pentagon. One can't help getting a sense of déjà vu. Today, European demonstrators are rallying behind El Salvador's "freedom fighters," just as they once rallied behind the North Vietnamese and Vietcong. It doesn't matter that the forty-odd American advisors in El Salvador can't be compared with the 100,000 Red Army soldiers and the yellow rain that have descended on Afghanistan, just as it doesn't matter to today's marchers that the people of Vietnam would greatly prefer U.S. occupation forces to their Vietnamese liberators.

Of course, anti-Americanism doesn't infect every layer of European society. The working class, the peasants, and the top layers are largely immune to its most virulent strains; it is most widespread among the vast masses of university students, the intellectual proletariat of tomorrow. It is this group that provides the fodder for Europe's peace and environmental movements. The primary motivation of the peace movement is the fear that a war between the United States and the Soviet Union (so clearly foreseen by Tocqueville) will be fought in what remains of free Europe. "The Americans have lost World War III to the Russians," a peace-loving leftist told me the other day. "Carter realized that. They should now give in. They shouldn't force us to fight."

The majority of Europeans don't adhere to this better-Red-than-dead philosophy, but, thanks to the diligent efforts of our Eastern neighbor, it is the philosophy of a sizable and vociferous minority. You can be sure that this minority will make itself heard during Mr. Reagan's visit. □

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Years of Improvisation

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Years of Upheaval
By Henry Kissinger
Little, Brown, 1,283 pp., $24.95

In January 1973, Richard Nixon was reinaugurated after carrying more states than any presidential candidate in history. Nineteen months later, he was out. *Years of Upheaval*, Henry Kissinger's second volume of political memoirs, covers the foreign policy of that truncated second term.

It has become the fashion to praise Dr. Kissinger's prose. Perhaps the most serious criticism that can be leveled against it is tempo—at 1,214 pages, not counting notes and illustrations, *Years of Upheaval* works out to more than two pages a day. *White House Years*, which covered Nixon's first term, averaged a brisk page a day—but then it covered two and half more years. With a final volume of like size on the Presidency of Gerald Ford, Kissinger's trilogy will be three times as long as *The Lord of the Rings*. Readers coming upon it for the first time *in toto* will feel like hiring Sherpas.

So it is a tribute to Kissinger's style that one does read through, turning every page. Occasionally, an excerpt from a communiqué goes on too long; or a paragraph comes out sounding like an answer to an essay question (Discuss, in three hundred words, the character of the Japanese). But for the most part, Kissinger's prose is clear, direct, unadorned. In the character sketches, it rises to real excellence. A desperate Golda Meir, a dying Pompidou; the President of Syria and the King of Saudi Arabia; Leonid Brezhnev and Chou En-lai—all are knocked off with the assurance of a golfer rapping in putts. Nor does Kissinger require fame as a stimulus—one of the best portraits is of a man that probably only a few hundred Americans even remember, French Foreign Trade Minister Michel Jobert, a jellyfish who washed up with the surf of detente.

His best portrait, of course, is Nixon. Anyone who served in the White House of the most intriguing presidential personality since Lincoln has to recognize, as a matter of literary necessity, that the character in his memoirs in whom his readers will be most interested will not be himself. Kissinger does. His Nixon is primarily an off-stage figure, tangled in the subplot of Watergate. Periodically, word comes to the principals, like messages from the battlefield in a history play, of his travails. But whenever Kissinger views him directly, the picture is sharp, acute.

> Connally sought to cow opposition while Nixon's strategy was to outmaneuver it. For Connally a victory was meaningless unless his opponent knew he had been defeated; for Nixon the most exquisite triumphs were those in which the victim did not know who had done him in, or maybe even immediately that he had been done in.

In the climactic scene, the night Nixon decides to resign, Kissinger shows delicacy as well.

> What I remember is that at that moment I put my arm around him. . . . Nixon does not report it in his memoirs. So perhaps it did not happen and I only felt like doing it. Or perhaps when writing his book Nixon did not want to admit that he needed solace, an emotion that he considered weak but that was in fact the most human reaction possible. It makes no real difference. At the moment of his fall, I felt for Nixon a great tenderness.

About the only portrait he doesn't give us, in fact, is his own. The memoir, of course, is an other-directed form; we read it for what the author did or

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saw, not for what he was. Yet this volume, and its predecessor, plunging in in midcareer, lack even the most perfunctory autobiographical details. So we get scraps: jokes about his own arrogance (told with the air of a man resignedly acknowledging the notorious); the observation that, as a result of her efforts to keep him relatively calm during a bout of shuttle diplomacy, his wife developed an ulcer. We get, most important, the reactions of a sometime refugee on becoming Secretary of State. Even here, Kissinger begins by deflecting the focus of the scene to his parents.

> They had been driven out of their native country; 13 members of our family had become victims of man's prejudices. They could hardly believe that 35 years later their son should have reached our nation's highest appointive Executive office.

Only then does he introduce his own feelings.

> I had set out to prepare some written remarks but found myself so tense that I gave up, and relied on the inspiration of the moment. . . . "Mr. President, [he said] . . . there is no country in the world where it is conceivable that a man of my origin could be standing here next to the President of the United States."

What did Kissinger want to do for the country which had so surprisingly smiled on him? As befits a history, the book is longer on examples than on theory. Some of the examples are happy ones. Twelve of the 25 chapters deal in whole or in part with the Middle East, and what happened there during the months in question was astonishing. Coming into 1973, Israel and its neighbors were locked in a hostile stalemate, every stray appearance of a diplomatic opening having withered in the simoons of implacability. Come October, Egypt and Syria launched a war on the most solemn Jewish holiday; the Soviets were fishing in troubled waters; American forces were alerted to DefCon III (readiness short of imminent war). By February 1974, Israel was negotiating, through Kissinger, with its attackers; the Soviets had been deposited on the sidelines; and Anwar Sadat had assured Golda Meir, "when I talk of peace now, I mean it."

Each side tried to play the United States off against the other. Seventeen days into the war, Israel, relying on America's ultimate unwillingness to reprove her in any serious way, broke a ceasefire in the Sinai which Kissinger had arranged, and crossed the Suez Canal. Only the prospect of a superpower confrontation prevented her from destroying the Egyptian Third Army. Israel's tactical victory, however, was encompassed in the larger strategic victory of Sadat. Egypt's new president had perceived that the Russians were bad allies—boorish, condescending, unable to force Israel to the negotiating table and unwilling to arm Egypt for victory. He had asked the Russian military advisors to leave his country in 1972, and he intended to tilt toward America before the war started. In order to do so, he needed the leverage of prestige. American and Israeli intelligence assumed that because he could not win a war, he would never start one. But all he needed to do was not to lose. So Israel was taken by surprise, and American diplomacy did the rest. At the cost of several thousand lives, Sadat opened the road to Camp David.

NONE of this, however logical it may seem in retrospect, was inevitable. Nasser, facing the same objective situation, persisted in bellicose irredentism. A different American Administration, a different Israeli cabinet, might have responded differently. Kissinger, like Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, seen his opportunities and he took 'em.

Years of Upheaval covers the middle stages of another taken opportunity—the China opening. Here again, Kissinger profited from other people's disenchantment with the Soviets. The Russians and the Chinese had been ideologically estranged since the Fifties; ten years later, there had been border clashes. The Chinese had tried going it alone, with convulsive results. The Nixon Administration, for its part, wanted diplomatic cover in order to extricate itself from Vietnam. In this case, the small awkward ally (Taiwan) was not involved in a war which Kissinger could negotiate. China's and America's interests, as perceived by their governments, simply converged. Once again, Russia was aced out.

Other episodes were not so happy. America's most obvious failure during Kissinger's tenure was the unfolding disaster in Southeast Asia. In October 1973, Kissinger learned that he was to share the Nobel Peace Prize with a totalitarian, as a reward for their work on an agreement which he already knew was unraveling. He makes clear that the Administration had intended from the first to pull American troops out of Vietnam: "We did not question the desirability of American disengagement. Even before assuming office, we decided to withdraw American forces as rapidly as possible." The problem was how to do so without throwing South Vietnam to the wolves. The Paris Agreement, which set the terms for withdrawal, was an element of American diplomacy—but an element which had to be supplemented by continuing American support. "No one," Kissinger told reporters in May 1973, "can expect that an agreement for a ceasefire will be observed simply because it is written down." The ceasefire had, in fact, collapsed instantly: during the spring, the North Vietnamese calmly moved 35,000 fresh troops into the South.

Kissinger blames America's failure to respond on Watergate and on Congress. "Nixon," he writes, "was simply unable to concentrate his energies." On June 29, Congress made concentration moot by enjoining any bombing of Cambodia. The handwriting was on the wall for all to see. "I can only hope," Nixon wrote Carl Albert and Mike Mansfield in August, "that the North Vietnamese will not draw the erroneous conclusion . . . that they are free to launch a military offensive . . ." It was not erroneous; and they did draw it.

EVEN MORE serious in the long run, though less obviously tragic, were our deteriorating relations with Western Europe. Kissinger, sensing perhaps that this part of the world had been neglected, proposed to make 1973 the Year of Europe. It was an utter bust. Europe's reaction to the oil embargo nicely prefigured Poland and the pipeline. Since our problems there have not yet run their course, Kissinger's account is less clear. But what seems to have happened is that we were on the receiving end of the same sort of disaffection the Soviets were getting, in larger doses, from Egypt and China. Our NATO allies, totting up their balance sheets, began to suspect there were more and more things to be gotten from the Russians, fewer and fewer from us. They adjusted their behavior accordingly. All the talk of "European identity" with which Kissinger was belabored was just a smokescreen, to hide the real vectors from us (and from the Europeans themselves).

What of the theory behind all this? Over and over, Kissinger stresses the

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need for a coherent strategy, and in chapters 7 and 22 he gives his: the definitive account of detente, by its architect. This is the heart of the book. Kissinger's ideas (and conservative objections to his ideas) deserve serious thought now, and in the years ahead.

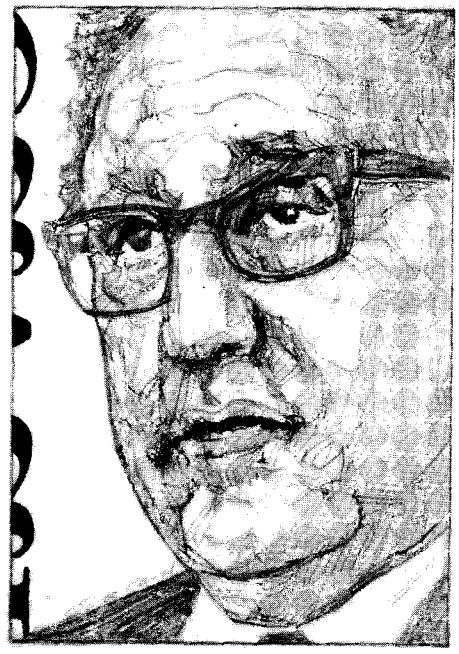
It is particularly important, because I am convinced (partly as a result of reading this book) that there is no foreign policy on the Democratic Left at all. Run your mind down a list of liberal slogans of the last 15 years or so: stop the war; avoid the Salvadoran war; no aid to Angola; no arms for Greece (pre-Cyprus) or Turkey (post-Cyprus); no nice words for Somoza, the Shah, Smith, Pinochet; nuclear freeze. Which of these proposals (aside from pulling out of Vietnam, which was an action, albeit a negative one) was not almost purely symbolic—a gesture of presumed ethical import? Recommendations of this sort are conceivable only on the assumption that there is nothing more important happening in the world. But since there is, liberal foreign policy can only rest on vacuous evasions, *à la* Jimmy Carter, or unavowed fellow-traveling, after the manner of *The Nation*. The entire foreign-policy debate, which used to pit Democrats against Republicans of one stripe or another in the Fifties and early Sixties, has shifted within the locus of the Republican Party—within circles often loosely called "conservative."

Detente is an anti-Soviet policy. That is, it sees the Soviet Union as a totalitarian state, organically hostile and potentially dangerous. In Kissinger's analysis, detente consists of two aspects: coexistence and deterrence. The quest for coexistence is, at minimum, a psychological necessity,

> for in a democracy the prerequisite for effective prolonged struggle is the continued *demonstration of the willingness to end it.* . . . Confrontation not perceived as necessary by the public will divide each country, split our alliances, and produce a quest for peace at any price.

But the only way to achieve real coexistence is through deterrence.

> If Moscow is prevented by a firm Western policy from deflecting its internal tensions into international crises, it is likely to find only disillusionment in the boast that history is on its side. . . . Brezhnev's gamble is that as [detente] policies gather momentum and longevity, their effects will not undermine the very system from which



> Brezhnev draws his power. Our goal on the other hand is to achieve precisely such effects. . . .

A delicate strategy, Kissinger admits. But "the argument that the American people cannot understand a complex challenge . . . reflects a lack of faith in democracy."

In passing, one might note that this is not the only view of Kissinger's premises. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, no Kissinger fan, reported in his memoirs, *On Watch*, a conversation he and Kissinger had on the way to the 1970 Army-Navy game which suggests a much darker view:

> K. feels that U.S. has passed its historic high point . . . his job is to persuade the Russians to give us the best deal we can get, recognizing that the historical forces favor them . . . the American people have only themselves to blame because they lack stamina to stay the course against the Russians who are "Sparta to our Athens."

Zumwalt notwithstanding, what of detente as Kissinger outlines it here? The first thing we recognize is the lineaments of our old friend, containment. Indeed, Kissinger embraces the word: "detente is dangerous if it does not include a strategy of containment." Containment, as outlined by George Kennan in *Foreign Affairs* in the late Forties and early Fifties, was also an anti-Soviet strategy: "the main element of any United States policy . . . must be that of a long-term, patient, but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies." The strategy was "designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counter-force at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world." But containment could also lead to coexistence, by "convinc-[ing] the masters of the Kremlin that their design is a futile and unachievable one"—at which point "the institutions of the police state" will "end up by boring everybody, including those who practice them."

Surely this is excellent news—for isn't containment part of the program of the triumphant conservative movement? Norman Podhoretz, in his trenchant anti-Kissinger polemic, *The Present Danger*, calls for a revival of it; while John Lukacs, going even further, has argued eloquently in these pages that, in effect, the containment victory has been won—Eastern Europeans are already bored with their police states, and the only rearmament America needs is moral. If detente is containment, Kissinger and his conservative critics are victims, at least of semantics, at most, of tactical differences.

The only trouble is that containment was tried, and it failed. Indeed, Kissinger's retooled detente version was an attempt to prise us out of the messes it had got us into. Moreover, its failures were predicted at its inception by James Burnham, among others. On a tactical level, Burnham faulted containment for passivity: "the trouble with a defensive strategy is that it leaves unsolved the problems which generated the crisis." More important, he argued that the strategy was psychologically disabling, and hence, in the long run, politically untenable. "Will the citizens of the Western nations die willingly for the sake of running all over the earth to put out fires started by a gang of arsonists who are declared in advance to be immune? . . . For a man to endure resolutely, he must believe that he is pursuing a goal. [But] the policy of containment is simply the bureaucratic verbalization of the policy of drift. Its inner law is: let history do it."

The relevance of this to, say, Johnson's Vietnam strategy is obvious. But it is equally pertinent to detente. Take "the policy of drift." When things go well, as we have seen, Kissinger shows a consummate knack for making them go even better. But when things go badly, he tends, in *Years of Upheaval*, to discourse on circumstance, often po-

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litical. Did conservatives criticize the throw-weight provisions of SALT? The Joint Chiefs had never proposed higher levels, and Congress would not have voted them in any case. Did we leave South Vietnam in the lurch? Congress tied our hands. Could Nixon have "taken his case to the American people"? "In the swamp of Watergate . . . this option did not exist."

I DON'T mean to deny the political atmosphere of that period, poisonous enough anyway, triply so as a result of Watergate. It was the time of David Levine's malignant Nixon caricatures, and Ralph Stedman's psychotic ones. It was the time when Susan Sontag praised Cuban democracy, and even *Commentary* was doveish. It was a time when Jane Fonda, en route from *Barbarella* to the *Workout Book*, laid over in Hanoi, and four British millionaires branded LBJ "the fool on the Hill." It was a time when high-school kids who didn't know Lenin from Lennon staged antiwar moratoria, and Yalies greeted the fall of Saigon with jubilant graffiti (and those of us who tried to blot out those ignominious slogans got only a paint-throwing melee for our pains.)

And yet, and yet . . . the deep American political tides of the late Sixties and early Seventies were flowing with Nixon and Kissinger, not against them. The electorate which, in 1964, buried Barry Goldwater, 16 years later buried the opponent of Goldwater's most eloquent public supporter. In between, it re-elected Richard Nixon in a landslide. Could nothing have been done to build a stronger policy faster—a policy that would have survived its author?

As for psychological disablement, what role did detente's subtle rhetoric play in fostering the confusions of the post-Nixon years? To take just one point: in dozens of pages in *Years of Upheaval* on China and its rulers, there is not one indication that Mao and Chou, for all their imagination, perspicacity, and potential usefulness to us, were also mass murderers—guilty of crimes as bloody as those for which Eichmann swung, and Hess rots in Spandau. More: when Nixon went to Peking, consummating months of diplomacy, he quoted Mao in his toasts and used the long march as a trope. ("I was deeply moved," Kissinger comments in *White House Years*. ". . . A diplomatic revolution had clearly taken place.")

Kissinger is particularly irritated by such criticisms from his right. His pet terms of rebuttal are "liturgical" and "theological"—imputing to his critics a reflexive dogmatism, formulaic and abstract. He might better meditate on the linguistic kinship of "morale" and "moral," and consider that if Presidents toast arsonists in Peking, congressmen will indeed be reluctant to douse fires in Angola or Portugal.

Kissinger also argues that conservatives helped chip away at detente "without having a coherent strategy of their own to put in its place." This strikes me as correct. Thirty-year-old Burnham books moldering on the shelves of the Strand—even 23 years of Protracted Conflicts—are not enough. Conservatives no longer have the luxury of being in the psychological wilderness. If, as Henry Kissinger believes, the Soviet Union is a rival, we need serious thinking about how to resist and overcome it. □

Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics
By Robert Lekachman
Pantheon, 224 pp., $13.50

LEKACHMAN IS NOT ENOUGH

TOM BETHELL

One of the main problems with Robert Lekachman's latest is that, despite its title, he fails to name any of the greedy ones for us. I was all agog, expecting him to name names, but in the end felt as disappointed as a 1950s liberal whose expectation that Senator McCarthy would name Communists in the State Department was finally dashed. Not that I'm accusing Lekachman of Econo-McCarthyism or anything of the kind. We all know that he's a decent sort who wouldn't cast aspersions on his fellow citizens without good reason.

Still, I can't help wondering: who *does* qualify for the label of "greedy"? Dan Rather perhaps? His recent contract was for $8 million, after all. Bill Moyers, reportedly now being paid $1 million a year? Businessmen who slog off to work every day? Authors who continue to receive royalties for their long-ago-published anti-capitalist economics books? Blue-collar workers who

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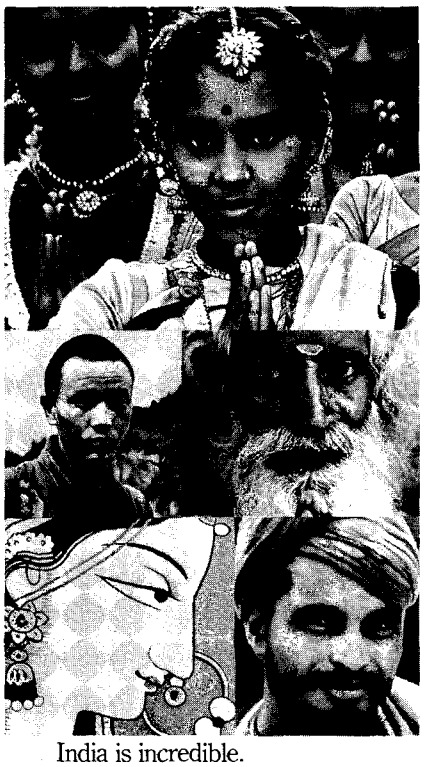

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME JUNE TITLES: Jeff Greenfield's new book, *The Real Campaign: The Media and the Battle for the White House* (Summit, $14.50), looks to be very interesting indeed. Greenfield takes strong issue with the notion that the press, especially television, has "remade" American politics. Instead, he argues, it can be shown to have had almost no impact on the 1980 election, when it chose to ignore genuine political issues in order to concentrate on strategies and on calling a winner. Reagan, Greenfield believes, won because he had a strong political base, not just "media skills": the only candidate the media can be said to have "made" was John Anderson. . . . In *The Other Government: Power and the Washington Media* (Universe, $12.95), William L. Rivers accuses the Washington news correspondents of pursuing a "new, more powerful, and adversarial journalism" which acts as a kind of shadow government and counterbalance, a check on U.S. officials, and a skewed interpreter of the American political scene to the public.

Ernest Volkman's *A Legacy of Hate: Antisemitism in America* (Franklin Watts, $16.95) appears to be an overwrought book running to charges that Christians are antisemitic in believing that Christianity is truer than Judaism. . . . Stephen Birmingham's new book, *The Grandes Dames* (Simon & Schuster, $16.50), is about eccentric rich women.

Brothers and Friends: The Diaries of Major Warren Hamilton Lewis (Harper & Row, $15.95), edited by Clyde S. Kilby and Marjorie Lamp Mead, will be of vast interest to dévotés of C. S. Lewis. Major Lewis, the writer's brother, was privy to much of what transpired among the Inklings (Tolkien, Charles Williams, Hugo Dyson, Owen Barfield, Lewis).

■ CORRECTION: Thomas Molnar's new book, *The Catholic Concept of Politics and the State*, is selling for $7.95, not $17.95 as stated in the May 14 Random Notes.

—CW

do overtime? Names, please, Mr. Lekachman!

I suspect that Lekachman is upset about supply-side economics, but he nevertheless offers us a decent, indeed lucid, exposition of some of its main themes. Thus he writes (and pay attention, for rarely has such wisdom flowed from the professor's pen):

> Economists believe in human rationality. We work harder for larger rewards. We incur the risk of investment when the potential return outweighs the danger of loss. We save our money only out of the calculation that the interest earned will exceed the inflation rate. When the rewards of overtime work are taxed more steeply, men and women prefer leisure to what is left as added income, after IRS does its thing. Why save if interest earned is heavily taxed? What's the point of gambling on a risky investment if the tax collectors reap a large share of eventual profit and refuse to share in losses?

Interestingly, he footnotes "added income" as follows: "A progressive tax, like that on personal income, imposes rising rates on additions to earnings. A prudent soul accordingly focuses his attention upon the rate which applies to any additional dollars he might earn." Top marks to Lekachman for explaining marginal tax rates without using the word marginal, but shouldn't he have written "greedy" instead of "prudent"? Perhaps in a future edition the professor will explain in more detail what he means by greed.

Lekachman is in the unfortunate position of first having to paraphrase the supply-side arguments that he proposes to criticize. Yet he quotes from the supply-siders so effectively, and the ideological base he is operating from is in such disarray, that his own rebuttals come across as rather lame by comparison. Sensing this, he is sometimes reduced to the ignominious role of blowing raspberries from the sidelines of his own text.

FOR EXAMPLE, he explains the Laffer Curve as depicting "a truism" (which he somehow neglected before Laffer), and then says that we do not know exactly what tax rates are sufficient to deter production and revenue. From this correct but irrelevant observation he draws the false conclusion that supply-side economics is a matter of "faith." And at that point he is off and running, with Reason left behind and Sarcasm his only companion: ". . . argument immortalized in holy scripture . . ." "For those of religious inclination the three holy books are . . ." and so on. His pages on George Gilder are really quite funny, and I visualize George himself laughing along as loudly as anyone.

In the end Lekachman returns to his own hopeless nostrums, with the air of an addict returning from a holiday which he didn't enjoy but which at least gave him a change of scenery. I'm afraid that he is and always will be wedded to the socialist dream, although today he observes the new etiquette by dressing it up in various circumlocutions—"a democratically planned polity," "the political definition of permissible private-sector conduct," "legislatively defined price and income standards," and so on.

The socialist solution to the problems of human existence, and the problem of material production in particular, has been tried in a number of countries since 1917. The most recent effort is under way in Nicaragua. The solution has never worked in practice, and there are persuasive and unrebutted theoretical explanations of why it will not work. Still, the idea that inspires the vision—the idea that a small, powerful, elite group of superior wisdom and foresight can successfully impose a harmonious egalitarian order on millions of their fellow citizens—continues to have enormous appeal for intellectuals. This is particularly true in the United States. (College professors of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your tenure!) Lekachman, alas, is a typical member, except that he does write better than most. He imputes authoritarianism to American culture, without ever quite perceiving the totalitarian nature of his own vision. Renaming it "libertarian socialism," as he does—a contradiction in terms if there ever was one—fails to solve the problem.

Still, for a few chapters at least, the supply-siders did get Lekachman out into the open air, strolling about and animadverting upon such unaccustomed topics as incentives, and it might have done the professor some good, at least while it lasted. As always, we look forward with keen interest to his next outing in print. □

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ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis
By Jeffrey Meyers
Routledge and Kegan Paul, 391 pp., $19.95

AGGRESSIVE VOLTAGE

J. O. TATE

This first biography of Wyndham Lewis was published in England in 1980; it appears in the United States in Lewis's centennial year—which is also the centenary of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce.

And appropriately so. Recognizing his historical foils, Lewis savaged Mrs. Woolf in *The Apes of God*, *The Roaring Queen*, and *Men without Art*. He ripped Joyce in *Time and Western Man* in a characteristically brilliant misreading, and mocked him as "Jamesjulius Ratner" in *The Apes of God* and "James Pullman" in *The Childermass*. Mrs. Woolf, the story goes, was sickened by the mention of *that name*: Wyndham Lewis. Joyce paid Lewis back in his own coin in *Finnegans Wake*.

Lewis registers more than once in Ezra Pound's *Cantos*. He was much admired by T. S. Eliot, who called him "the most fascinating personality of our times." The significance of Professor Meyers's life of Lewis is that, penetrating the fogs of obscurity, controversy, and notoriety, it establishes the life record of that most neglected of those giants, the "Men of 1914": Joyce, Eliot, Pound—and Wyndham Lewis.

THIS author of fifty books and 360 essays was also an artist who created a hundred paintings and a thousand drawings. He wrote novels, short stories, plays, metaphysical fantasies, literary and art criticism, political tracts, philosophical speculations, a travel book, and autobiographies; he founded and edited literary magazines, fought in World War I, sired at least five illegitimate children, and had an epic array of mistresses and a successful marriage. Professor Meyers emphasizes the life over the work, and lets us see clearly the shape of the improbable career—and self-destructive aberrations—of a man for whom he rightly claims the title of *genius*.

Lewis took a violent ride through the first half of our century. Born on a yacht moored in Amherst, Nova Scotia, the "Man from Nowhere" attended Rugby and the Slade School of Art. He became an extravagant bohemian and an adept of Augustus John, and learned his lessons in life and art in Paris, Madrid, and Munich. He emerged out of the fin-de-siècle determined to kick Edwardian England into the twentieth century. He was early on praised and promoted by Ford Madox Ford and Pound. Just before the Great War, he challenged the ethics and competence of Roger Fry, in a dispute that still smolders; this controversy determined Lewis's future as "the Enemy" and focused his hostility to Bloomsbury.

Lewis knew better than Melville's Ishmael that "over Descartian vortices you hover." Going on to proclaim the Vorticist era in *Blast*, Lewis soon found himself ducking cannon shells at Paschendaele. If Lewis, like his peers, T. E. Hulme and Gaudier-Brzeska, had died in the War, he would still be remembered as a formidable modernist, for he had already written *Tarr* and the early stories, and shaken up the English art world.

But Lewis survived to go underground, creating his titanic works of the Twenties in a fury of energy and scorn. As Meyers says, "there is nothing in modern British literature to equal the sudden cataract of Lewis's profound and monumental books, which came out in startling succession between 1926 and 1930." His Wagnerian ego was doomed to suffer; he insisted on playing out the role of Nietzschean *Übermensch*, and often bit the hand that fed him. No Enemy had so many enemies. He helped stigmatize himself by supporting Hitler in 1931 (recanting later on), but in terms of failure, neglect, bad luck, illness, and poverty, he paid his dues.

Surviving the difficult Thirties and bleak Forties, never ceasing to work, he found his fortunes in some ways improved after the Second World War. Deservedly but incongruously, "the Enemy" received a government pension and an honorary doctorate. But that poet of the eye, that hard-shelled observer of the Outside of things, that steely slasher of all mush and gush, went blind in his old age. "Pushed into an unlighted room, the door banged and locked for ever, I shall then have to light a lamp of aggressive voltage in my mind to keep at bay the night." He kept on writing and developing, and died in 1957. His last words, addressed to a nurse who had inquired as to the state of his bowels, were: "Mind your own business."

Professor Meyers, putting Lewis's heroic "paranoia" in perspective, quite minds *his* business. Some of his best work involves the clarification of old disputes and the identification of various satirical targets which the "Lewis gun" mowed down. Meyers's illuminating comparisons of Lewis with D. H. and T. E. Lawrence are resourceful and insightful. His life of Lewis is, like Lewis's life, brimful of fascinating anecdotes, unlikely juxtapositions, and quarrels.

THIS BOOK will prove indispensable to the student of modern literature, as it limns a classic example of the clash between the artist and his environment. Auden, Spender, Alec Waugh, Richard Aldington, Rebecca West, Nancy Cunard, Roy Campbell, Ronald Firbank, Hemingway, Huxley, Marinetti, Bergson, Orwell, Gertrude Stein, and many others were friends, enemies, influences, or acquaintances. Meyers probes behind the mask of "the Enemy" to find the human being there: "the considerable charm, the talent for friendship, the impressive personality, the powerful will, the immense energy, the formidable intellect, the protean imagination." But for the direct experience of Lewis the powerful stylist and lumbering gadfly (one with the wingspan of a pterodactyl and the bite of a bushmaster), one must confront his books: *Tarr*, *The Revenge for Love*, *Self-Condemned*, and others. I suspect that some will find even *The Apes of God* (imagine a gargantuan *Alice in Wonderland* rewritten by Thomas Nashe, Thomas Carlyle, and Tom Wolfe) *not* "unreadable" but one of the very greatest *tours de force* in our language.

Jeffrey Meyers does justice to his subject when he sums up the dual ca-

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reers of the "portmanteau man": "Lewis is perhaps the greatest English painter, certainly the finest draughtsman and portrait artist, of this century." He also says firmly, "In most of the major disputes—with Fry, Bloomsbury, the Sitwells, Read, and Roberts—he was morally and intellectually right. . . His political judgment was defective; but his open and defiant stance on artistic issues was stringent and salutary, and his blasts provided a refreshing change from the mealy-mouthed puffs that usually passed for criticism."

Well said. *The Enemy* will take its place on bookshelves around the world next to W. K. Rose's edition of the letters and Walter Michel's *Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings*; and it will lead many, adjusting the mental picture of modern English literature promulgated by just those forces and individuals that Lewis attacked, to take up the best of Lewis's books. "For Lewis's range of knowledge and intellectual vitality, his gale force energy and daring honesty, his vigorous experimentation and fighting spirit, his caustic wit and analytic ingenuity, his whip-cracking prose and astonishing invention are unmatched in the twentieth century." □

TELEVISION

MORE ON THE POOR

JOSEPH SOBRAN

". . . The least popular programs have been cut the most. These are the programs on which the poorest Americans depend for help, the truly needy, whom the President said would not be hurt."

Thus Bill Moyers on his special, "People Like Us," which he denies was meant as an attack on Ronald Reagan. The first minute cut from Moyers to Reagan (promising that "safety net") to a cerebral palsy victim whose Social Security benefits had been discontinued. What would an attack look like?

"Hunger in America is back."

Uh-oh.

"There are people who have slipped through the safety net and are falling away. In the great outcry about spending, some helpless people are getting hurt."

The second of these "people like us" was a welfare mother, abandoned by her husband, whose son needed an operation, even as she fought an eviction order; the third, a 13-year-old who had been in a coma for eight months; and the last segment showed a Wisconsin Catholic parish that offers food to the needy.

"Hunger, we think, is a thing of the past, vanquished by food stamps. But most of us never see what Father Steve Gliko and his volunteers see."

"People Like Us" was so obviously

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an attack on Reagan that CBS and Moyers only sounded dishonest in denying it. Moyers is an old scion of the Great Society who has moved smoothly from a pre-Watergate President to the post-Watergate morality. CBS was only doing its usual thing. Tom Shales, the usually level-headed TV critic of the *Washington Post*, hailed the program precisely because he saw it as the best TV job done on Ronald Reagan: a masterpiece of the genre that would change the nation's image of the President from "well-meaning boob" to "callous cad."

As an interviewer, Moyers kept tossing soft underhand pitches for his interviewees to whack: *"Did you have any advance warning? . . . Is there a chance that—that you could lose this house? . . . Are you angry at the government? . . . Is there ever a time when you don't have food on the table for the kids? . . . What would Mrs. Dorta have done today if there had not been a legal services lawyer? . . . Yet a lot of middle-class taxpayers are fed up with what they think is cheating on welfare. . . . What does it say about our society, and about the hope these kids have, the chance these kids have? . . . Do you think we want to be blind to the poor?"*

THIS ISN'T interviewing: it's ventriloquism. Moyers is clearly inviting his subjects to say what he wants said. A man who says "Reagan is taking everything from the poor and giving anything to the rich" is allowed to pass uncontradicted, unquestioned, unpressed to explain.

Reaganomics gets constant—though not critical—scrutiny; the Great Society is not even retrospectively examined. Moyers was in effect given an hour of prime time to justify his own career.

Too bad, because he concluded with an interesting point. He conceded that federal programs for the poor are "riddled with waste and fraud." But *"so are programs that help the middle class. So are subsidies to corporations. So are the billions being spent on the military-industrial complex. But the President and Congress have chosen not to offend the rich, the powerful, and the organized. It is easier to take on the weak."*

You hardly expect a TV journalist to rise above easy moralizing, but since Moyers is widely hailed as one of the few high-quality TV journalists, it is fair to ask him a few questions. One is philosophical: To what extent is it the proper role of government to redistribute wealth? Another is psychological: What is the effect on economic morale of systematically taking people's earnings for purposes, however worthy, they don't actually feel? (People don't usually *experience* the withholding tax as a contribution to the well-being of the unfortunate.)

Even more seldom posed is this one: When there is no clearly defined role for government, when any worthy purpose is assumed to be ipso facto a legitimate purpose of government, isn't the sheer expansion of federal programs bound to diminish the efficacy of each program? If all federal spending went to the needy, there would be no problem. But liberals seldom recognize that the rivalry between the public and private sectors isn't the only rivalry. They see that military spending reduces the amount available for the needy; they don't seem to grasp that subsidies to municipal culture programs, college loans, and grants to, say, Gay Community Services have the same result.

Just as extending affirmative action to women has lessened the intended benefits to blacks, so has the multiplication of Great Society programs lessened the intended benefits to the poor. At a time of spending cutbacks, poverty programs have to hold their own against programs for the well-heeled.

Moyers touched on this problem, but didn't explore it. The New Class that rose to power under Lyndon Johnson instinctively knows better than to make distinctions among its constituent parts. All cuts in federal spending *per se* have to be treated as an attack on the poor *simpliciter*.

That, perhaps, explains why "People Like Us" preferred pathos to analysis. The Administration was right to see it as an attack; but wrong to object on grounds of inaccuracy. The ordinary viewer isn't enlightened by being told that the details were wrong (if they were); he should be shown that the premises were askew. Social programs compete with each other too. The New Class should be forced to face up to this. A $41,000 CETA grant to "The Leaping Lesbian Follies"—mentioned by the *Conservative Digest*, though not by anyone on CBS—presumably hurts the poor too. Or is it enough that the money is taken from the taxpayer? □

DELECTATIONS

IL BUGIALLI

NIKA HAZELTON

This Italian maestro does not play the piano or conduct an orchestra. Instead, he produces a fifty-foot length of pasta from a small hand-operated pasta machine. He shows how to cook superlative Italian food and supplements his recipes with learned and witty information on Florentine history. He is Giuliano Bugialli, a slight, bearded professor of literature turned teacher of cookery. He has cooking schools in both Florence and New York, and he tours the United States giving lessons and demonstrations.

Being a food and wine writer, I find that cooking schools and teachers tend to give me a feeling that I will politely call déjà vu. But not Bugialli.

I came across Giuliano Bugialli last year in Florence, where he was holding classes in an exquisitely furnished Florentine kitchen high up in a palazzo. His students, all of them Americans, and all professionals—teachers, doctors, lawyers, chefs—took part in the dinners and the cultural-gastronomical excursions into Tuscany and surrounding areas that are part of the course. The subject was classical Italian cookery with a bias toward historical, especially Renaissance, dishes. I had seen dishes of this kind before in learned books, but it was Giuliano Bugialli who brought them to life by adapting the recipes for modern provisions and kitchens, without sacrificing their original flavor.

I went on one of the class's excursions; this one took us to Schieggino in Umbria, the truffle capital of Italy if not of the world, where the Urbani

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family reign as truffle czars. We traveled in a comfortable little bus, getting cultural and gastronomic sidelights on the places we passed. Other excursions take students to Parma and to Orvieto, for instance, where they see the culinary and artistic sights, and eat and drink in style.

Wine, of course, is part of the deal; there are tastings, as well as visits to wineries and to famous winemakers. The wine part is largely in the hands of Professor Henry Weinberg, a musician and composer who during the year teaches composition and music at Queens College—a jolly and learned man who has lived in Italy for years and speaks the language fluently.

Giuliano Bugialli teaches in Italy in June, July, September, and October; he devotes his fall courses to game and truffles (including white-truffle hunts). For the rest of the year he holds classes in New York and around the United States. If he visits your city, lecturing at a department store, a cooking school, or a fund-raising party for a museum or such, don't miss him. As one student said: "He's a trip and more fun than you'd think possible, besides giving you a whole menu of excellent recipes at each session, explaining the history and how-to of each of them."

It's interesting that a foreign cooking teacher with an intellectual and cultural approach to food should have become the most sought-after lecturer on the food circuit. But apart from being an excellent cook he has a flair for the unusual and unhackneyed in a cuisine that has become all too familiar. Personally, being rather bored with my own food by now, I use Bugialli's cookbook *The Fine Art of Italian Cooking* (Quadrangle), and I am looking forward to his comprehensive, well-illustrated new book of Italian recipes and cooking techniques that Simon and Schuster will publish early next year. (For more information about Bugialli and his courses, contact Mrs. B. Berman, 2830 Gordon Street, Allentown, Pa. 18104 or phone 212-472-0760.) □

The GIMLET EYE

INTERVIEWING ME

D. KEITH MANO

INTERVIEWER: What's the secret of getting a good interview?

ME: Write for a big-circulation magazine, what else? *People or Playboy*. Even St. Anthony of the desert would've granted *People* an interview. Under "Lifestyles" probably. For magazines the size of *NR*, you need a show-cause order or a small-caliber pistol. The celebs give you this big smile that says, "Call me anytime, I'm in the book." Only you find out it isn't a book you have. Listen, even my mother wanted up-front money and the film spin-off rights before she'd do a Gimlet Eye.

INT: How do you structure an interview?

ME: The dirty, cheap-shot questions come last. Don't open by asking whether X put his mother in a nursing home when she was 42. Or whether he snorts Peruvian marching powder. X may

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punch your systems out. Mind, getting punched is half a good interview right there, but you wanna get that early background material in before they call the invalid coach. Also, know everything about your victim, but pretend to be dumb as an air-brick. That way you can lead him into telling expansive lies. Like the way it was him who really wrote Sylvia Plath's poems. Which was why she committed suicide. Also laugh and say "Gee" and "Amazing" and "I'll be darned" a lot. He wants to entertain you. At heart, the big doof is insecure, he isn't sure why he's a celebrity. Celebrate him.

INT: Do you use a tape recorder?

ME: Ha. Does a goldfish have fingernails? Yes. Gotta keep the questions coming. Don't give Mr. Fame time to reflect while you scribble in speedwriting, sys wf hd afr w lge blk pdle. Which you won't be able to read afterward anyhow. Also you get intonations, sounds of a lit roach, arthritic knee creaks, gas pockets rumbling around. All good character material. And anyhow I have the memory of a broken take-up reel.

INT: Can you trust the tape recorder?

ME: Aaaagh. Batteries. I have this dream. There's a little green LED light in the middle of my forehead and it's slowly fading out. Hands and tongue have no left-lane pick-up. Bad. The worst. Play back and you guhht theesh sordd uvv sounndh. Put a new battery in after that and I'm listening to two rodents at home: ikki-ikki, hee-hee, bom-blom, gobblem, chee-chee, gavunch. I wanna die.

INT: Great. Anything else?

ME: Oh, background sound. Comes just when you're pumping great copy. "So then Marilyn Monroe said to JFK —rrrarrgh!" Some truck drops its transmission outside. "The identity of Deep Throat is—tacleacketatackleclink!" A busboy is playing mumblety-peg with the silverware. "I laundered the money through—m'sieu, is everything quite all right?" No, you Frog plate-pusher, everything is surface noise and blah, *maintenant*.

INT: Ah—

ME: And, ho-ho, syntax. Try listening —really listening—to the average spoken sentence. "Well, this is what we or you, planes, airplanes, with wings, in this case again you must as I said, get my point, where I differ is here that—right? —they fall down a whole lot, but who's

to say, out of the sky, bang, or am I wrong?" And then he'll say you didn't quote him correctly.

INT: Who have you interviewed of late?

ME: Robert Preston for *People*—pleasant but cautious, played me like a bounce on a bad infield. Ugly George for *Playboy*—told me everything about his sex life, but took a fifth on his age. Norman Vincent Peale for *People*—charming, garrulous, no response shorter than a homily. Joel Grey interviewed *me*. I'm a sucker for that. I can be taken in an interview. Ended up listening to five hours of self-analysis. Hell, I wanna be asked questions, too.

INT: What was your most difficult interview?

ME: Stevie Cauthen. He should gain fifty pounds, the little bunko steerer. Every question he answered with "Is that so?" "Oh, really," or just a shrug. The other most difficult was a pimp. He kept the sleeve of my jacket pinned to a restaurant table with his switchblade. I stutter and say please quite often on that tape.

INT: Would you call yourself a good interviewer?

ME: No. I'm effective enough because I relax all over people and genuinely like them. I get a conversation really, not an interview—and I have to lift the essential data out of all the verbal massage. For my Ugly George piece I had 25 hours of tape and 317 pages of transcript. My worst fault, though, is—see, I don't like to be disliked. In person anyhow. With a Scripto in my hand I'm the Midnight Slanderer. But face to face I'm St. Guileless. I don't ask that crucial question like, "G.K. says she had an affair with you while your wife was pregnant. Is that true?" I get a case of the loose lumpies when it comes to that.

INT: Do you like interviewing?

ME: No. First of all, I'm a very private person. I feel like a boor intruding on someone else's vineyard. Second, the whole business has become crass as a petro-dollar. It's prying, is what. And mostly irrelevant. If I wear jockey shorts, who could care less? But if Al Haig wears them, suddenly it's a Message to Moscow. The interview elevates personality over character. And it's so easy to distort text and emphasis. I'm pretty ethical—off the record is off the record—but I did a job on Governor Lamm of Colorado once by literally repeating every hem and uh and ech in his speech pattern. Made him sound like a piece of luncheon loaf. Which he is, but not because he hems and echs. No, interviews vulgarize our great men and sensationalize our epi-freaks.

INT: Did you have an affair while your wife was pregnant?

ME: I'm very glad you asked that. What really happened warsh thuu shum pohlp durr—ikki-ikki-tik-chi-chi, dit-a-dit, rrargh.

INT: Is that off the record?

ME: It better be. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RISE AND FALL OF A REGENCY DANDY: *The Life and Times of Scrope Berdmore Davies, by T. A. J. Burnett (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 256 pp., $14.95).* This is a book born of a box, or rather a trunk: a trunk belonging to the dandy of the title, Scrope Berdmore Davies, which was found in a London bank vault in 1976, untouched since 1820, when its owner fled England and his creditors. The trunk's

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contents would be interesting enough merely for the light they shed on the period. Scrope Davies, however, was an intimate of Lord Byron and his circle, and a character in his own right. The trunk yielded manuscripts by Byron and Shelley, as well as miscellaneous correspondence, letters and receipts from bankers and moneylenders, bills from various tradesmen, a pair of kid gloves, and betting records—for Scrope made his living almost entirely from gambling. Horseracing, dice, cards, shooting, tennis—Scrope played, or played at, them all, as well as dabbling in politics to aid various of his friends. It provided him with a very good living for about 15 years, keeping him in circulation and splendid style at the better clubs. He was a loyal friend of the difficult Byron, and no doubt provided a good many of the stories that went into the writing of *Don Juan*. Scrope was a wit, a dandy, a rakish chap, "one who," according to Mr. Burnett, "had risen entirely by his own talents to a high position in social, political, sporting, and university circles, a man of intelligence and wit who refused to be solemn about his beliefs, a friend who was loyal but never servile, whose kindness was a legend, a generous winner and a resigned loser, one doomed from the beginning by the fatal love of gambling, but who nonetheless continued to stay afloat for over 15 years, and who, when he sank, did so with dignity and without repining." That may be saying a bit much, but Burnett has evidence which shows it to be not so very far off the mark. Still and all, while this fine study chronicles the life, it is much better at the times; truth to tell, Scrope was a rather frothy fellow after all, and one who would be almost totally obscure but for the trunk in the bank vault containing the historic haul that was his life. *The Rise and Fall of a Regency Dandy* is a wonderful chapter of literary, and English, history.

JOE MYSAK

GRAVEDIGGER, *by Joseph Hansen (Holt, Rinehart, 183 pp., $12.50).* After Lew Archer, what? The question, sad to say, is no longer academic, six years having passed since Ross Macdonald's last book, and aficionados of the hard-boiled crime novel with a touch of literary class are beginning to wonder when someone will come along to keep the line going. The smart money now is on Joseph Hansen, a Los Angeles writer who, in his 1970 mystery *Fadeout*, introduced a decidedly offbeat character: Dave Brandstetter, an insurance investigator specializing in "death claims." Though Brandstetter fits easily into the Spade-Marlowe-Archer mold—aging detective, sunny California, virtue at bay in a society full of rampant corruption—Hansen has a few fresh angles of his own that keep the Brandstetter novels from becoming just another exercise

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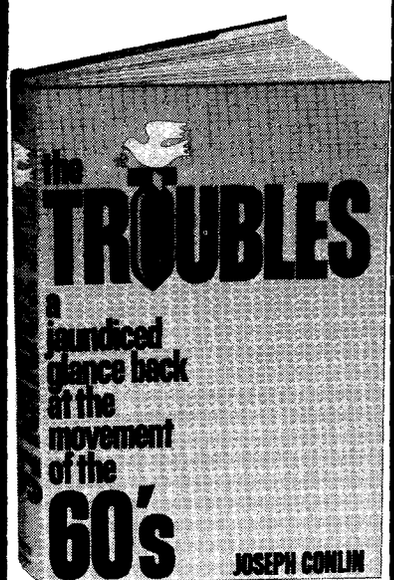

"One-time New Left sympathizer Conlin here attacks the 'Movement' of the American 1960s as one long liberal tantrum that succeeded only in killing off the country's radical political tradition."—*Library Journal*

"The author of *'American Anti-War Movement,'* etc., and professor of history at California State University, argues that, rather than offering a remedy for social ills, the activists lacked both a true radical ideology and sense of history, and were themselves symptoms of the national malaise. He heaps scorn on Jerry Rubin, Mark Rudd, Stokely Carmichael, Charles Reich, et al., who led the often 'ill-schooled,' 'pampered' and numerically dominant adolescents of the baby-boom generation."—*Publishers Weekly*

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Dark Horses

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"SUNDAY," Alexis de Tocqueville wrote, "is rigorously observed [in America]. . . . Public opinion, much stronger than the law, obliges everyone to show himself at church and abstain from all diversions. And yet, either I am much mistaken, or there is great depth of doubt and indifference hidden under these external forms." Tocqueville, to say the least, was most pessimistic about the fate of religion in a bourgeois democracy. "In the long run," he stated, "I am sure that democracy turns man's imagination away from externals to concentrate it on himself alone. . . . It is about themselves that Americans [are] really excited."

There is some comfort to be obtained, as Richard Reeves has recently remarked, from the knowledge that the aggressive secularization of American society has been proceeding for at least a century and a half, with the result that 85 per cent of Americans believe—in A.D. 1982—the Bible to be the Word of God. Nevertheless, while America remains privately religious, it has assuredly become officially agnostic, owing to the operations of people for whom the First Amendment has become the Eleventh Commandment. These progressives argue that the Constitution of the United States, in its intent and proper effect, mandates agnosticism as the state religion, and are fond of pointing out that after all Thomas Jefferson was a Deist.

They are wrong, says M. E. Bradford, a professor of English at the University of Dallas. His latest book, *A Worthy Company: Brief Lives of the Framers of the United States Constitution* (Plymouth Rock Foundation, 6 McKinley Circle, Marlborough, N.H. 03455; $8.95), shows that at least fifty of the 55 delegates to the Constitutional Convention that met in Philadelphia in 1787 were Christians. "The responsibilities of citizenship were, they recognized, part of the moral obligation of the Christian life. Even more serious were the duties of the ruler and magistrate, who would be held accountable to a higher Authority for the use which they made of their special powers."

Bradford has arranged his biographical sketches in a sequence reflecting the order in which the signatures of the Framers appear on the document they devised: North to South, New Hampshire to Georgia. They are learned and engaging, written in a plummy style, simple yet resonant, quintessentially Anglo; and to them the author has appended brief bibliographies which are useful and up-to-date, reflecting the most recent historiography. The jacket blurb makes them sound more tendentious than they actually are: a trick which perhaps sells books but does somewhat of a disservice to Bradford's sophisticated and understated technique. What he is intent on showing is how these men ("about" 29 Anglicans, 16 to 18 Calvinists, two Lutherans, two Roman Catholics, one lapsed Quaker, and a Deist) understood the relationship between religion and political philosophy (and economy); how this understanding influenced each Framer's constitutional theory; and how the life of each fitted into the broader community of which he was a part and which he had been chosen by his peers to represent.

MUCH HAS BEEN written, since Tocqueville's time especially but even before it, about America as a heterogeneous—the word *du jour* is "pluralistic"—society. Nevertheless, as Bradford is at pains to emphasize, the Constitution was written by a convention of remarkably homogeneous men, most of them Christian, all of them acting "within corporate bonds, out of the momentum of a civilization already over one thousand years old. . . . Despite differences of region and religion, of wealth and class, [they] were even more united in culture than in blood." The Founders, in short, were not interested in creating an International House, but an Anglo-American republic.

You can just hear the sighs of relief down at the National Endowment for the Humanities. □

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in déjà vu, like avoiding showy similes and opting for a cooler third-person narrative mode. As for Dave Brandstetter, there's also something different about him: he's gay. Not the limp-wristed type, mind you, despite his love of gourmet cooking and Alban Berg or his predilection for setting up housekeeping with some real nellies; he's basically just a middle-aged, hard-working guy who's too old to change and not particularly inclined to do so anyway. If the very idea of a hard-boiled homosexual offends you, don't bother. If not, then Hansen has a new Dave Brandstetter novel out, an excellent missing-person caper called *Gravedigger* in which Dave barely escapes getting shot to pieces while searching for a bankrupt lawyer and his cult-crazy daughter. Though Hansen's work lacks the thoughtfulness and scope of the later Macdonald, there's no one more promising on the detective-story scene today, and *Gravedigger* is Hansen's best book yet. It's exciting to think what he'll be doing with the form in another five years—which is no reason to wait that long before checking him out. Good news, by the way: Holt's Owl Books paperback division has just brought out soft-cover editions of Hansen's five previous Brandstetter yarns, *Fadeout*, *Death Claims*, *Troublemaker*, *The Man Everybody Was Afraid Of*, and *Skinflick*. Much obliged, fellows. TERRY TEACHOUT

MR. LINCOLN'S CITY: *An Illustrated Guide to the Civil War Sites of Washington, by Richard M. Lee (EPM Publications, 175 pp., $12.95).* The Civil War was *the* event in the history of the city of Washington, D.C. and with the help of this book you can visit Mr. Lincoln's city and take in five walking tours and 72 sites. Mr. Lee offers 15 maps, 130 photographs, and dozens of anecdotes, bringing life and immediacy to his subject. *Mr. Lincoln's City* is a guide, and it is at its best when used as such, but like the best guides, it can stand alone. Hospitals, offices, various memorials, prisons, Newspaper Row, Willard's Hotel, the route of escape used by John Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Lincoln —all can be retraced, seen, or conjured up, in the cases of those that are long gone. You can visit the site of Congressman Lincoln's boardinghouse, and learn his approach to telling a stretcher, as well as the fact that he liked to go bowling. You can see the townhouse of Major Rathbone, the man who was with Lincoln at Ford's Theater, and who later went mad. You can visit the spot where Lincoln deposited his paychecks during the war. Mr. Lee, who is now at work on a similar volume on Richmond during the Civil War, has done his homework, which means you don't have to do yours. *Mr. Lincoln's City* is an essential piece of baggage for those visiting, or indeed living in, D.C. OWEN HATTERAS

BRIDGES

(Continued from page 632)

and Cambodia, as it is doing on Afghanistan.

Or, indeed, said Joe Sobran, on any of its particular taboos. Mr. Sobran paid a visit to Italy this Holy Week, during which he made a brief foray outside Rome to see "a reputed saint," a most extraordinary man named Brother Gino Burresi. When Mr. Sobran returned to Rome, he happened to meet a fellow American, whom he told about this man; "and the more I told her, the more she laughed." She was the stringer for CBS in Rome. "She will not be checking out this story; it's not going to be news." This led to the perception "that an amazingly small number of people decide what is news." And since they have convinced us that the picture they're presenting is comprehensive, anything they don't talk about obviously doesn't exist.

Much of what they do say, Tom Bethell told us, they set down in "invisible ink"—burying their axioms in certain innocuous-looking little words. Here are some to watch out for: *Aspirations* —always *legitimate*—and *socialist*, and *land reform*. *Compassion* is a euphemism for "compulsion"—"what you feel when you make out a check to the IRS." (N.B.: This talk was being given on April 17.) *Tax cut*—how to undermine the whole supply-side perception in two words. *Redistribution*—this implies that wealth "was initially dealt out badly and now will be redistributed—a new deal." And here is a fine one—*tax expenditures*, meaning revenue forgone because of a *tax cut*.

Now, speaking of key words, the attentive reader will note that Messrs. Sobran and Bethell nobly restrained themselves from using a word closely associated with them both. But Frank O'Connell, taking pity, ended the session by asking: "What is the title of your forthcoming book?" They replied in unison: "*The Hive*"; someone (could it have been Stan Evans?) buzzed menacingly; and on that note ended the 18th annual meeting of the Philadelphia Society. □

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C.R.V.: Happy Birthday! My warmest regards, G.T.B.—(P.S.: I love you.)

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Truth in Packaging

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—"There is no doubt about it," as a Marxist would say, "the masses are suffering from false consciousness." To be explicit, recent events have demonstrated you can get more people to attend a Harvard raft race on the Charles River than a "Ground Zero" protest against nuclear policies. Ground Zero, an organization that was coordinating a nationwide week of protest, was simply ignored: eight people turned up for its monster rally in Utah.

For a while the apocalyptics had things pretty well their own way: while most folks were hibernating, they got resolutions favoring a nuclear "freeze" on the agenda of Vermont and other New England town meetings. Most of the electorate saw these as comparable to supporting apple pie and cheerfully passed them by voice vote.

Indeed, I was called from a town up north to ask whether it would be worthwhile to make a floor fight at a town meeting on the freeze question. My advice was to let it ride unanimously rather than start a lengthy, and emotional, floor fight involving such complexities as "throw-weight," "cap," and "psi." Those at the meeting would get sore at the person who made "trouble" for keeping them up. After all, nobody in Vermont really thinks a town can have its own foreign policy.

This may sound a bit cynical on my part, but the "freeze" is the kind of issue that calls for enormous preparation: you have to do your homework in advance. What should have been done once this town-meeting caper was spotted (and I spotted it here and sounded the alarm) was a careful educational job differentiating between an arms equilibrium and an arms freeze. The worst outcome would be a last-minute, unprepared fight on the merits—and then a defeat.

The concept of a "freeze," properly defined, has now achieved the status of apple pie. Senator Edward Kennedy grabbed it and introduced a Resolution; Senator "Scoop" Jackson grabbed it and introduced a Resolution; senators lined up to sign either, or in some cases both, and President Reagan said a "freeze," properly construed, would be the biggest thing since sliced bread. In short, that particular stunt has been effectively neutralized.

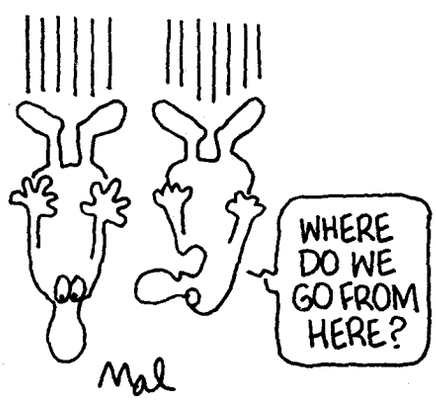
In politics only a visionary would expect total candor, but in this whole area of nuclear policy we have been exposed to some singular examples of false packaging. Despite my valiant efforts, for example, the *New York Times* still confuses statute and nautical miles.

In a quaint *Times* Op-Ed piece one Andrew Cockburn warned darkly against the use by the press of "absurd figures" on the accuracy of the SS-20. Earlier in his article he gave the range of the SS-20 as 3,000 miles; in fact the range of Model 2 is 3,000 nautical miles (3,454 statute miles) and Model 3 clocks in at 4,000 nautical miles (4,606 statute miles).

The downgrading of the SS-20 is not entirely accidental. Over twenty years ago when I was Dean of Faculty at Brandeis University, the elemental genius who built the school, Dr. Abram L. Sachar, got an inspiration: Brandeis should have a medical school! Abe's record at educational innovation was peerless, but even Ted Williams missed one every so often. Abe had the wheels in motion for some sort of joint arrangement with a group of hospitals in New York City.

A group of senior faculty barons set out to block this—a medical school is a financial "black hole," comparable to those cosmic garbage disposals in space. We met with the president, pointed out that the university in Waltham would have a terrible time "running" a medical school in New York, and suggested that Princeton or Hofstra would be the ideal university to work out the mesh.

Every time Abe would reply to one of our objections, New York would move ten miles closer to Boston. Before he reluctantly retreated he had the net distance at 75 miles! I'm sure he didn't consciously condense the map, but the condensation did fit neatly into the argument he was trying to make, that we could run it from Waltham.



On a massive scale we are witnessing a similar condensing of the SS-20's range and capabilities because if this monster were given its appropriate designation, it would be a "strategic," not "tactical" weapon. The Backfire plane has been handled in precisely the same fashion, and when you put it all together, Soviet "strategic" nuclear assets have been grossly underestimated.

Once you have satisfied yourself that the SS-20 is a friendly neighborhood tactical weapon and the Backfire just an overachieving FB-111, then you can with a clear conscience denounce the hysterics who claim we are in trouble. But if you are driving from New York to Boston, don't figure it at 75 miles. □

A FALKLANDS FEINT

Boston—By the time this appears you may know whether the British have actually gone out of their minds and launched a full assault on the Falklands. As I have watched and listened to the coverage of the fleet's mission, I have had the strange feeling it was all a disoriented dream. The ultimate nightmare was the discovery, reported from London, that South Georgia would be just the spot to utilize as a nearby supply base.

If you think the Falklands are great, you would love South Georgia, nine hundred miles to the southeast. It is so far down that most maps of Antarctica include it; this time of year you exist there in a full gale; and the rollers hit the beach about fifty feet high. It is notable for seals, penguins, and glaciers.

The trouble is that just as you convince yourself the South Georgia caper is a clever ruse—of which more later—you pick up an interminable article in the *New York Times Magazine* by Zbigniew Brzezinski: a justification of the abortive military attempt by the United States to rescue our hostages in Iran.

Brzezinski goes on and on and on—and never mentions the fact that from a military perspective a scheme with that many variables was patently insane. It was ob-

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viously devised by General Rube Goldberg and then, to make it more interesting, the attack force employed a different brand of chopper from the ones they had trained in. But Zbig did bash Vance—his obvious goal.

Who knows? Maybe Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has a Brzezinski and a clutch of tame admirals in the closet. If so, the Falklands expedition is in for some extremely rough going. Initially the British thought the threat of the armada would bring the Argentine military junta "to its senses," to use a British phrase. The difficulty with this is the assumption that General Galtieri and Co. are out of their senses.

If you look at the situation in Buenos Aires differently, you could argue that the junta made the following calibration: if they did nothing, the Peronistas would certainly shoot them. If they pulled off a patriotic stunt, the Peronistas would be neutralized and the odds were that the Brits wouldn't shoot them. This cost-benefit analysis isn't stupid, particularly if Her Majesty's Government converts the punitive expedition into an Antarctic exploration.

To employ a rural metaphor, when you have a hornet problem, do you track down and swat every hornet? Or do you burn the nest? The answer is obvious and I hope its naval version is incorporated in Admiral Woodward's orders: turn the fleet hard to starboard and head for the Argentine coast. Then, aborting right at Rio Gallegos near the Strait of Magellan, work up the coast destroying every military installation.

This would not be an invasion except that the Royal Marines could go ashore and bulldoze any structures left standing. Land communications in Santa Cruz province (Patagonia) are terrible, making the Argentinians take to the air if they attempt reinforcement. This would set up a pigeon shoot for the British jets. The Argentine navy, which has been beefing it up for a war with Chile, should not create significant sea-control problems.

My guess is that by the time the British reached the delightfully named Gulf of St. George and the major port of Comodoro Rivadavia, there would be a lot of negotiating motion—and probably a coup in Argentina. The internal affairs of Argentina are not on the agenda: whether the government was fascist or democratic is completely irrelevant to the fact that open aggression was committed.

In conformity with the judgment of the United Nations, and as a symbol of solidarity with a solid ally, we should help the British make this operation as surgical and swift as possible. We could provide supplies and perhaps a carrier equipped with air superiority planes (F-14As). The planes on the British carriers are designed for ground support, not to fight off Argentine fighter-bombers.

Maybe this sort of maneuver is what the British have had in mind all along. It is utterly pointless to send two-thirds of the British fleet off to play hide and seek at the bottom of the world, and play it on Argentine terms. Can you imagine trying to land a jet on a carrier in a fifty-knot gale? And the choppers could be blown all the way to the South Pole.

I regret that in this peace-loving epoch it involves military action rather than a religious retreat, but the Argentinians named the game. The thing to do is win it—then talk about the future of the Falklands. □

INTROVERTED AMERICA

Boston—A while ago in this space I mapped out what seemed to me to be President Reagan's budget scenario, suggesting it was as scripted as the ballet *Swan Lake*. The President, I predicted, would stand firmly behind his principles, indicating that he had been elected to accomplish certain goals and planned to live up to his promises. Of course, he is an eminently successful politician, not a Franciscan, so at the crucial time he would move to drop the Democrats on their rear upholstery.

If you look at the political calendar, nothing serious can happen until Labor Day, barring Armageddon, an assassination, or a Soviet invasion of China. For the American people, the political alarm clock goes off on Labor Day and it is the course of action between then and November 2 that will determine whether the GOP holds the Senate and captures the House.

Thus there is no point in Mr. Reagan showing his hole cards until the moment of maximum advantage. Needless to say, the President would never yield on matters of basic principle, but—in a phrase of FDR's—he might "rise above principle" to demonstrate he is not a rigid ideologue but a caring, compassionate person without an infallibility complex.

Already we are in the first act of this ballet as Reagan, to show his respect for the great minds on the Hill, made a pilgrimage there to meet with the House and Senate budget-mongers. He did not go as a penitent, barefoot with ashes on his head, but as one magnate indicating respect for that great constitutional principle, the separation of powers.

Then he invited the key congressional figures to the White House for a genial get-together in which he suggested he was not locked in concrete—though, of course, he would not abandon any fundamental principle. All hands enjoyed themselves—except that when they got back on their turf the congressional barons began arguing amongst themselves on what Reagan had said, and whether they should do anything.

The result of this internal bickering was apparent when President Reagan went on TV to defend himself and was followed by one of the most intelligent men in Congress, Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri, Chairman of the House Rules Committee. Reagan laid it out in masterful fashion, but Bolling obviously delivered a speech written by a discordant committee. In politics when someone starts pleading for "a non-partisan approach," it's a sign the hangman is preparing his noose.

The truth of the matter is that Speaker Tip O'Neill and the old-line liberal Democrats are in jeopardy. In Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I*, the Welsh leader Owen Glendower boasts that he can "call spirits from the vasty deep." Harry Hotspur replies, "But will they come?" For O'Neill, that deep is getting vastier and vastier. In fact, you wonder if he—and a large percentage of the Washington media—know what country they live in.

Take this for a starter: on April 13 the NBC News/AP poll, in my judgment one of the best, carried an item which I have yet to see in the press (they send me the material). "Three-fourths of all Americans—77 per cent—favor cuts in federal spending, rather than increased taxes, to help reduce the federal budget deficit." Seventy-seven per cent? Yes, and that's a lot of people.

Here let me inject a point of personal privilege; I was talking about this and related matters, such as the virtually total lack of concern among the 36 million Americans on Social Security about the unemployed, or school lunches. An old liberal acquaintance then accused me of letting down the side. He is a cancer specialist so I asked him if diagnosing cancer in a patient made him pro-cancer. My views are irrelevant to my analysis—if you want a sermon on the wickedness of selfishness, go to church.

A realistic view of the American political landscape shows a massive reaction against going any further with federal funds. It's not reactionary in the sense that anyone wants to go back to Hoover. Indeed, such programs as unemployment insurance and Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid have substantial *conservative* constituencies. The attitude can be summarized as "It's time to close the bar."

The gap between elite media coverage of Reagan and the man's real clout arises from a lack of media comprehension of this national introversion. Why, everybody they know voted for Carter, loves foreign aid, and thinks Johnny Cash is a pawnbroker. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Questions & Answers

On The Right

New York, May 4—**Questioner**. Can I ask you some questions—I mean, you've talked about the nuclear business for 45 minutes, okay?

A. Go right ahead.

Q. Do you assume that people who oppose a nuclear freeze are more anxious to die than people who want a nuclear freeze?

A. Well, no. I mean, you look like a healthy fellow who enjoys life. No, I didn't mean to say you wanted to die—

Q. Well in that case, if you assume that those who oppose a nuclear freeze are as anxious to avoid nuclear war as those who favor it, then what separates us is merely a matter of tactics, not morality, is that correct?

A. Well, that's the way you put it.

Q. Now wait a minute. It's not just that that's the way *I* put it, it's that that's the *only way* to put it.

A. We don't believe in nuclear war.

Q. What does it mean not to "believe" in nuclear war? Does it mean that you don't believe that the *threat* of nuclear war is ever effective?

A. That's right, we cannot go around threatening nuclear war.

Q. I didn't say, "Let's threaten nuclear war." I said, was the threat of nuclear war effective? I assume that for the same reasons you and I don't want to die in a nuclear war, neither do the Russians. And therefore the existence of our nuclear arsenal in fact helps to assure that they won't use theirs. Is that right?

A. The fact of the matter is that any use of nuclear weapons is immoral.

Q. Well now we've re-introduced the moral question, which is okay by me. But if what you say is correct, then we have no business even having nuclear bombs. We should destroy them?

A. Nuclear weapons are indefensible.

Q. In that case, you favor unilateral disarmament. Wouldn't it save a lot of time if you just said so, instead of going on about a freeze in nuclear weapons?

A. A freeze should precede nuclear disarmament.

Q. Why?

A. Because by freezing, we might persuade the Soviet Union, *pari passu*, to denuclearize as we do.

Q. But if we couldn't persuade them, then what?

A. Then—what I say.

Q. Suppose that you look at a couple of propositions, and construct a syllogism based on them. Ready? Premise A: The Soviet Union would use its nuclear arsenal if necessary to bring the West into submission. Premise B: The Soviet Union would not initiate nuclear action if nuclear counteraction were then to result. Conclusion: The existence of potential counteractive nuclear forces reduces the probability of any nuclear explosions of any sort. How about that?

A. You are playing with fire when you talk about a nuclear arsenal.

Q. You are playing with deception if you refuse to say that we should toss our nuclear weapons into the sea irrespective of whether the Soviet Union does.

A. The Bible says man was born to live in peace.

Q. The Bible says man was born to be free.

A. We're not getting anywhere.

Q. Not so fast. *You're* not getting anywhere. Your slogan should be, pure and simple: "The United States is prepared to surrender." □

BEFORE YOU SAY NO

New York, May 8—The roof appears to be falling in on the matter of defense expenditures. Within a 24-hour period, Senator Barry Goldwater was publicly suggesting that the manufacturers are profiteering from arms sales by, for instance (Senator Goldwater gave several examples), tripling the cost of a tank, or a fighter plane. Several congressmen and former congressmen are quoted in a roundup story in the *New York Times* expressing something near to panic over the change in public mood. "It was only a year ago that everyone was supporting a buildup in defense," Senator Quayle says. "Now in one year, one *year*, the Administration has given the impression that the Pentagon is sacrosanct . . . and people don't like it." Senator Tower has come out for a $3-billion Pentagon cut, which is like Admiral Rickover coming out for fewer nuclear submarines, or Teddy Kennedy coming out against demagogy. And then Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle exhibitionistically cut one-half of his income tax, in protest against nuclear war. I wonder why the Bishop doesn't cut down one-half on holy water, in protest against Hell?

All these data need to be dealt with at some length, but here are the principal points to keep in mind.

1. Secretary Weinberger needs to enunciate more clearly the strategy of rearmament. The critics have got to be forced to decide which of two propositions they are primarily asserting. The first is that they wish to avoid war. The second, that they wish to economize on defense. Mr. Reagan's position, tirelessly reiterated, is that weak countries are the ones that go to war, not so much the strong countries. Weinberger needs himself to stress the point, but also to explain what it is exactly that we are up to. At one extremity, it is plain that we cannot make up in a single year what we managed to lose in a dozen years. If we don't go for total rearmament, then on what scale does it make sense to go forward? The trouble with Mr. Weinberger's intransigence is that it encourages the conclusion that we are perilously weak: that a failure to build that one extra destroyer this year could be the failure that brought down the whole house. He should, moreover, encourage a congressional committee to inquire into the charges of profiteering. If this is going on the public has the right to know it and to blow the whistle.

2. The Administration needs to stress that it is logically inconsistent to oppose tactical rearmament *and* nuclear risk. The purpose of building up our conventional military is to permit us to use non-nuclear means in order to make an indispensable point. For instance, if the Soviet navy were to attempt to close the Strait of Hormuz, there would be nuclear and non-nuclear ways to prevent this, and the preference of all civilized men is for the non-nuclear alternative. It is much less expensive to produce hydrogen bombs than to produce fighter planes. If the proposal is

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to arm sufficiently to prevent the Soviet Union from having its way in the Middle East, or in Europe, and at the same time to avoid the nuclear weapon, then it is logical to support rearmament. Not many of the critics of rearmament would be willing, in the event of a Soviet offensive in the Middle East, to say either: a) "Surrender," or b) "Threaten them with the bomb."

3. As for the bishop, the loose-minded we have always with us. In the first place, if he were to deduct from his income tax the cost of manufacturing nuclear bombs, he would deduct not 50 per cent but 3 per cent. If he doesn't want to make the distinction, then let him say once and for all that he is in favor of surrendering to the Soviet Union rather than fighting. We should all respect the conscience of the pacifists, particularly those who have survived a stretch of Gulag. The bishop does owe his flock a declaration on this point.

4. There is one matter which most of America joins in resenting, and that is the relative failure of some of our allies to do their share; and among these, Japan stands out. A declaration on the ...uties of Japan at just this moment ...uld hugely help out. Meanwhile, Mr. ...gan needs to continue to stress that peacemakers are the strong, of mus...s well as of heart. □

A NONTHINK BY BOOKMEN

New York, May 12—The American Book Awards people convene once a year to hand out prizes in a number of categories, and the spectacle is quite wonderful, of men and women who devote themselves to the written word, which says so much, and teaches so little. Last week Mr. Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation* magazine, recently reinvigorated in fundamentalist leftism, won the paperback general nonfiction prize for his book, *Naming Names*. This is a chronicle of what goes by the name of the McCarthy years, though actually most of what Navasky dealt with antedated McCarthy. Navasky's complaint, with which I have a contingent sympathy, is against that part of congressional investigation that was purely ritualistic: namely, demanding of witnesses that they recite the names of their sometime associates who were in the Communist Party.

It is not here (at least, not by me) contended that such a duty does not exist. A former Communist owes society such information as he accumulated while conspiring against human freedom, even as a born-again terrorist owes us information about his former comrades and their plans. Navasky's principal complaint was against congressional committees that *already* had these names, given out in secret session or otherwise ascertained, who nevertheless forced witnesses to reiterate their testimony for the sake of gathering publicity. I join Navasky in condemning the practice.

But be careful about joining Navasky, because sure enough, he takes a careful point, runs with it, fanaticizes it—and brings his audience along with him.

Ready?

Navasky blasted the public-television people for putting "so much pressure" on Peter Davis that he felt "compelled to withdraw a segment from a series rather than cut and trim it to satisfy the offended and the timid." Navasky is talking about an episode in a series on Muncie, Indiana which trapped blotto teenagers into talking about other teenagers they had seduced, drugs they had taken, and rewarding techniques of masturbation.

Navasky blasted the new head of the National Endowment for the Humanities for denouncing a documentary, funded by the National Endowment itself, which portrays Nicaragua much as Leni Riefenstahl once portrayed Hitler's Germany.

Navasky blasted the State Department for publicly disavowing any responsibility for the missing American who was alleged to have been killed by the CIA in Costa-Gavras's film, *Missing*.

Navasky blasted the "active campaign" to "undermine, undercut, and generally gut the Freedom of Information Act."

All of this was cheered, thoughtlessly, in my judgment, and here's why.

The people who manage public television have the same right to reject, as the writer has to proffer. If a screenwriter decides that a stretch of profanity or of explicit sex talk suits his artistic fantasy to record, that decision should be respected, as should the decision be respected of the television station not to pass along material they think unsuitable.

If a movie is made about Nicaragua which in the opinion of the head of the National Endowment for the Humanities (and William Bennett is a highly respected scholar) is irresponsible, why should he be less free to denounce it as a "hymn to the Sandinistas," as "undiluted socialist realist propaganda," than the director was to make it so? Surely if we are going to respect, say, the right of a documentary-maker to sing a hymn of praise to Adolf Hitler's Germany, we should respect equally the right of anyone at all, so to denounce it: indeed, particularly so a person associated with the organization that financed it?

Costa-Gavras's film entirely depends on a supposition for which there is not a scintilla of evidence. Here we have Navasky, whose pages in *The Nation* are largely devoted to the proposition that Alger Hiss was innocent, tacitly asking us to respect the right of Costa-Gavras to insist—without any evidence at all—that the CIA and the State Department murdered an American student who got in the way of Pinochet. Book writing to some extent depends for its reputation on an attempt at honesty. For the same man who defends Hiss (concerning whose guilt there is about as much evidence as that the world is round) to defend Costa-Gavras (for whose thesis there is about as much evidence as that the world is flat) is testimony to a not fully mobilized intellect—but that should be his problem, not that of his audience.

So with the Freedom of Information Act. Not long ago Mr. Navasky took more pleasure in publishing than I took pain in writing, a letter I wrote in 1949 to the head of the FBI in New Haven, Connecticut. I minded not one whit the revelation of what I had said, but I greatly minded that there is a Freedom of Information Act that somehow makes my private correspondence Victor Navasky's property. Come out for the right of privacy—or come out for the Freedom of Information Act in its present form. Not both. And come out for freedom to write—and come out for freedom to criticize. Not just the former. And measure your applause. Merely to cite the First Amendment and your approval of it shouldn't be enough to bring the house down. Listen. Book readers should be practiced in this skill. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An instrument used by Will Rogers — 50 144 150 123 23 92

B. His name leads all the rest in the baseball encyclopedia — 77 31 5 2 52

C. This government official encourages prayers for Reagan and Bush — 95 44 76 124 116 88 56

D. A great Giant during the Fifties — 79 46 25 140 137

E. What one has to be to be eligible for the Presidency (don't look at *me*!) — 66 29 36 73 89 112 4 10 20 139

F. This man, once well-known on Broadway, was not a priest — 30 40 48 93 55 63 108 96 125

G. An African nation that was invented after WW II — 106 54 47 145 14 126

H. ONLY VET (anagram) — 109 6 111 117 59 33 152

I. Like Lady Macbeth, he had a dog named Spot — 32 49 64

J. Where one of God's Frozen People lives — 58 127 86 70 105

K. He fanned 13 Cubs, first game, 1929 World Series — 85 16 114 8 90

L. A missile outlawed in organized baseball, but not in classrooms — 67 149 26 146 11 34 60 1

M. Crown worn by the Pope and Yastrzemski — 83 37 51 113 115

N. A Civil War battle — 74 43 87 107 81 119

O. "As changeless as a—" — 7 21 57 78 100 129 135 148 9

P. Part of oceanic activity — 94 12 99 27 91 80 17

Q. One of my ancestors (not ADAM or SETH) — 130 101 128 75

R. A timely abbreviation surrounded by a period of time — 134 61 53 98 13

S. Anagram for POST, STOP, OPTS (doggoned good!) — 142 18 132 118

T. Don't scratch where it doesn't—! — 45 133 38 68

U. To capture — 131 120 84

V. One of Irving's works (fol. by BOOK) — 24 103 110 121 39 72

W. He won five and lost none in five World Series — 122 136 82 141 65 104 71

X. The son of Otto I and the father of Otto III — 138 41 143 69 19 97

Y. He batted 3,694 fewer times than WORD B (that's the truth!) — 147 3 22 28

Z. A twitching — 15 62 42

* An Iowa county that was named for an Indian tribe — 35 151 102

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 648 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 L	2 B	3 Y		4 E	5 B	6 H	7 O	8 K		9 O	10 E	11 L	12 P	13 R	14 G
	15 Z	16 K	17 P		18 S	19 X	20 E	21 O	22 Y	23 A	24 V		25 D	26 L	27 P	28 Y
	29 E		30 F	31 B	32 I	33 H	34 L	35 *	36 E	37 M	38 T		39 V	40 F	41 X	42 Z
43 N		44 C	45 T	46 D	47 G	48 F	49 I		50 A	51 M	52 B	53 R	54 G	55 F	56 C	
57 O	58 J	59 H	60 L		61 R	62 Z	63 F	64 I	65 W	66 E		67 L	68 T	69 X	70 J	71 W
	72 V	73 E	74 N		75 Q	76 C	77 B	78 O		79 D		80 P	81 N	82 W	83 M	
84 U	85 K	86 J	87 N	88 C	89 E	90 K		91 P	92 A		93 F	94 P		95 C	96 F	97 X
98 R		99 P	100Q	101Q	102*	103V		104W	105J	106G	107N	108F		109H	110V	111H
112E	113M		114K	115M	116C	117H		118S	119N	120U	121V		122W	123A	124C	125F
	126G	127J	128Q	129Q	130Q		131U	132S	133T		134R	135Q	136W	137D		138X
139E		140D	141W	142S	143X	144A	145G	146L		147Y	148Q	149L	150A	151*	152H	

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"There were three of us on the building committee, and we traveled all over the U.S.A. and Canada looking at all sorts of office buildings. We saw that Milliken modular was used an awful lot, and it looked real good. So we picked it."

Richard L. Hindermann
Senior V.P./Home Office Services
Pan American Life Center

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More and more, Milliken modular is becoming the number-one choice of influential contract decision-makers like Mr. Hindermann. Not just because their architects recommended it (which they did), but because Milliken modular carpet is chosen by their peers.

In building after building, under all sorts of traffic conditions, with all sorts of esthetic requirements to be met, Milliken modular carpet is in there performing, beautifully. A building committee scouting nationwide for its own installation could hardly fail to be impressed with how often Milliken modular is chosen...or how satisfied their fellow end-users are with it.

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Marlboro
Marlboro
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

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